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# HOLLANDS LEAGVER.

*AN*

EXCELLENT COMEDY  
AS IT HATH BIN LATELY

and often Acted with great applause,

by the high and mighty Prince CHARLES

his Servants ; at the private house

in Salisbury Court.

---

Written by SHACKERLEY MARMYON,  
Master of Arts.

---

*Vult hac sub luce videri,  
Iudicis argutum quia non formidat acumen.*



Printed at London by I.B. for IOHN GROVE,  
dwelling in Swan-Yard within Newgate.

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# HOLLANDS LEAGUE

149.703

May, 1873

EXCELLENT COMEDY  
AS IT RATES IN THE

and often Admiringly  
by the high and noble  
in the world  
it is the only one

---

WILLIAM STANLEY  
Author of the

---

THE  
THE


Printed at London by A.B. for JOHN GROVE  
dwelling in Somerset Street  
1873





*To the Reader.*



 Vrteous Reader (for so I presume thou art) if otherwise, thou lovest the title of being stiled ingenious; for there are none but favour learning, if they so much as pretend to it: but I hope I neede make no apologie, either to gaine thy fauour, or to credit the Worke, it has so often pass'd with approbation, that I have hopes it will continue it. If there be any so supercilious to condemne it, before they read it, let them rest content with the title, and not enter in to the Theater, unlesse they intend to behold the Florales. However, my Muse has descended to this subiect; let men esteeme of her, onely as a reprover, not an interpreter of wickednesse: *Occultare peccantis, promulgare ludentis est.*

*Aristippus* being compelled to dance in purple  
A 3 against

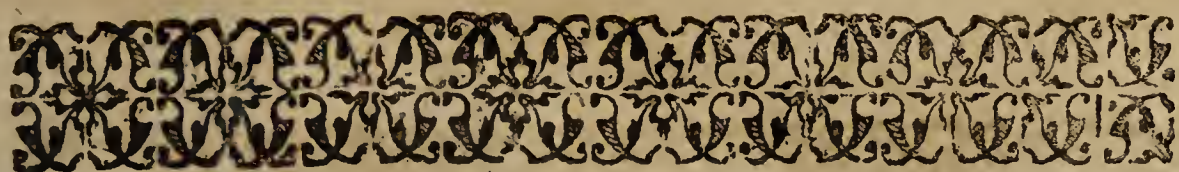


## *To the Reader.*

against the dignity of a Phylosopher, made an excuse, that the baits of sinne had no power on a good nature: and *Plato* having compos'd wanton Verses, affirmed, that the more plain they were, the more honest: and your former Writers, in their accurate discovery of vice, have mingled the precepts of wisdom. If thou shalt accept this as it was simply meant, the applause it has obtain'd, shall not so much crowne it as thy acceptance.

**SHACKERLEY MARMYON.**





# Dramatis Personæ

<i>Philautus, a Lord in a mood of himselfe.</i>	William Browne.
<i>Ardelio, his parasite.</i>	Ellis Worth.
<i>Trimalchio, a humorous gallant.</i>	Andrew Keyne.
<i>Agurtes, an Impostor.</i>	Mathew Smith.
<i>Antolicus, his disciple.</i>	James Sneller.
<i>Capritio, a young Novice.</i>	Henry Gradwell.
<i>Miscellanio, his Tutor.</i>	Thomas Bond.
<i>Snarle, } friends to Philautus.</i>	Richard Fowler.
<i>Fidelio. }</i>	Edward May.
<i>Ieffery, tenant to Philautus</i>	Robert Huyt.
<i>Triphæna, wife to Philautus.</i>	Robert Stratford.
<i>Faustina, sister to Philautus.</i>	Richard Godwin.
<i>Millescent, daughter to Agurtes.</i>	John Wright.
<i>Margery her maid.</i>	Richard Fouch.
<i>Quartilla, Gentlewoman to Triphæna.</i>	Arthur Savill.
<i>Band.</i>	Samuell Mannery.
<i>2 Whores. Pander. Officers.</i>	

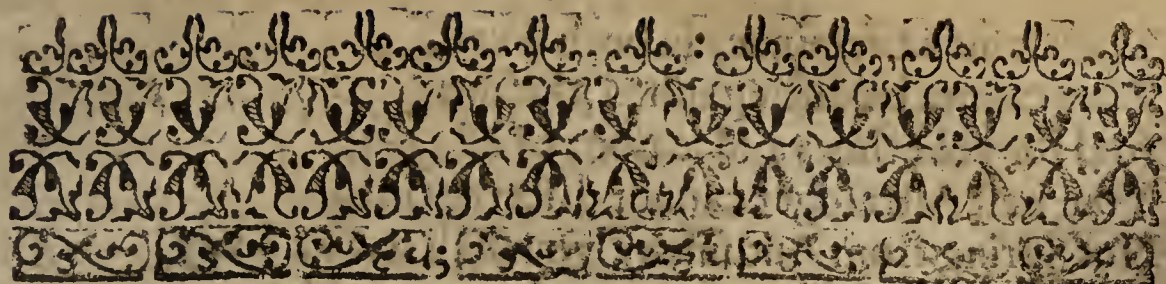




# Prologue.

**G**Entle Spectators, that with gracefull eye  
Come to behold the *Muses Colonie*,  
New planted in this soyle ; forsooke of late  
By the Inhabitants, since made fortunate  
By more propitious starres ; though on each hand  
To over-top us, two great *Lawrels* stand ;  
The one, when she shall please to spread her traine,  
The vastnesse of the *Globe* cannot containe ;  
Th'other so high, the *Phœnix* does aspire  
To build in, and takes new life from the fire  
Bright *Poesie* creates ; yet we partake  
The Influence they boast of, which does make  
Our Bayes to flourish, and the leaves to spring,  
That on our branches now new Poets sing ;  
And when with ioy hee shall see this resort,  
*Phœbus* shall not disdaine to stile't his Court.





# HOLLANDS LEAGVER.

---

## ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Fidelio, Snarle.*

*Fid.*



What *Snarle*, my deare *Democritus*, how is't?  
You are a Courtier growne, I heare.

*Snarl.* No Sir:

That's too deepe a mystery for me to professe.  
I spend my owne reuenewes, onely I have  
An itching humour to see fashions.

*Fidel.* And what haue you obseru'd, since you came hither?

*Snarl.* Why they doe hold here the same *Maxime* still;  
That to dissemble, is the way to live:  
But promotion hangs all vpon one chaine,  
And that's of gold; be that intends to climbe,  
Must get up by the linkes; and those are tyed  
Together, with the thread of my Lords favor.

*Fidel.* So Sir.

*Snar.* And all desire to live long, and healthy;  
But ambition and luxury will not permit it.

*Fid.* I hope you doe not share in their desires.

*Sna.* There is other preposterous dealing too;  
For nature cannot finde her selfe amongst them,



*Hollands Leaguer.*

There's such effeminaey in both sexes,  
They cannot be distinguished asunder;  
And for your times and seasons of all ages;  
Your best Astrologer cannot discern them,  
Not Spring from Autumne; you shall have a Lady,  
Whose cheek is like a scrue, and every rinkle  
Would looke like a furrow, yet with a garnish  
Is so fill'd up and plaistred, that it lookes  
As fresh as a new painted Taverne, onely

*Fid.* Hold there, you'll run your self out of breath else:  
And now resolve me of the Lord *Philantus*:  
Is all that true that is reported of him?

*Sna.* Who, he? the most besotted on his beauty;  
He studies nothing but to court himselfe;  
No Musicke but the harmony of his limbes;  
No worke of art but his owne symmetry,  
Allures his sense to admiration.

And then he comes forth so bath'd in perfumes,  
Had you no sense to guide you, but your nose,  
You'd thinke him a Muske-cat, he smells as ranke,  
As th'extreme unction of two funerals.

*Fid.* My sense will nere be able to endure him.

*Sna.* Such men as smell so, I suspect their favour.

*Fid.* Is none his friend to tell him of his faults?

*Sna.* There want nor some, that seeke to flatter him;  
For great mens vices are esteem'd as vertues.

*Fid.* O they are still in fashion: in them  
A wry necke is a comely president:  
Disorder, disagreement in their lives  
And manners is thought regular, their actions  
Are still authenticke, if it be receiv'd;  
To be illiterate, is a point of state.

*Sna.* But the worst thing which I dislike in him,  
Which he does more by words then action;  
He gives out that the Ladies dote upon him,  
And that he can command them at his pleasure,  
And swears, there's scarce an honest woman.

*Fid.* How.



*Sna.* It is not well to say so, but by this light,  
I am of his minde too. *Fid.* You are deceiv'd,  
There are a thousand chaste. *Snar.* There was an age  
When *Iuno* was a maide, and *Iove* had no beard,  
When miserable *Atlas* was not oppress'd  
With such a sort of Dieties, and each  
Din'd by himselfe: before *Vishers* and *Pages*  
Swarm'd so, and *Banquers*, and your *Masques* came up  
Riding in *Coaches*, visiting, and *Titles*,  
So many *Playes*, and *Puritan preachings*,  
That women might be chaste; now 'tis impossible:  
Now should I finde such a prodigious faith,  
I'de honour't with a sacrifice.

*Fid.* Tis ill  
To be incredulous, when charity  
Exacts your beleefe: but let that passe:  
What will you say, if I finde out a meane  
To cure him of his folly?

*Snar.* Then I pronounce  
The destruction of *Bedlam*, and all mad folkes  
Shall be thy patients.

*Fid.* Nay, I'll doe it:  
I'll make him in love, and doe it.

*Snar.* That's a cure  
Worse then any disease. I can as soone  
Beleeve a fire may be extinct with oyle,  
Or a Fever coold with drinking of Sacke.

*Fid.* Suspend your judgement, till I confirme you?

*Snarl.* No more, stand by, here comes the Parasite.  
That is *Narcissus*, and this is his *Eccho*.

*Fid.* What is he?

*Snar.* One that feeds all mens humors, that feed him,  
Can apprehend their iests, before they speake them,  
And with a forced laughter play the Midwife,  
To bring them forth, and carries still in store  
A Plaudite, when they breake wind, or urine.  
He fits his Master right, although he nere  
Tooke measure of him, and though he has not beenc



*Hollands Leaguer.*

Farre from home, yet will lye like a Traveller.  
Hee'll rather vex you with officiousnesse  
Then you shall passe unsaluted : his businesse  
Is onely to be basie, and his tongue's still walking,  
Though himselfe be one of the worst moveables :  
A confus'd lumpe leavened with knavery.  
Stand by a little, and let's heare his discourse:

**A C T. I. S C E N. 2.**

*Ardeho, Ieffry, Fidelio, Snarle.*

*Ard.* **I**effry come hither.

*Ieff.* **S**ir, I wait upon you.

*Ard.* *Ieffry*, you know that I have ever beene  
Indulgent to your knaveries.

*Ieff.* I thanke your worship, you haue ever beene my friend:

*Ard.* Wink'd at your faults.

*Ieff.* True.

*Ard.* And the reason is,

Because I still am welcome to thy wife.

*Ieff.* Your worship may be welcome there at all times.

*Ard.* Honest *Ieffry*, thou shalt lose nothing by it.  
You know my authority in the house : my Lord  
Puts all the care into my hands, has left mee  
The managing of his estate, because  
I know the way to humour him.

*Ieff.* That is an euident token of your worships wisdom.

*Ard.* And none of them have any place or being,  
Without my suffrance.

*Ieff.* Sir, you are of power to disperse us like atomes.

*Ard.* Therefore I expect the reuerence is due unto my place.

*Ieff.* And reason good.

*Ard.* Well, for thy honest care,  
I meane to substitute thee under mee  
In all inferiour matters, for I meane  
To take my ease, and pamper up my *Genius*.



*Hollands Leaguer.*

As well as he, onely for entertainments,  
Or any thing belongs unto the Kitchin;  
Let me alone,

*Ieff.* Yes Sir, your providence  
Has shew'd it selfe sufficiently that way.

*Ard.* I'll take the ayre in his Coach, eat of the best,  
And for my priuate drinking, I will haue  
My choyce of Wines, fill'd out of vessels, whose age  
Has worne their Countries name out, and their owne,  
Like some unthankfull Hospitall, or Colledge,  
That has forgot their Founder.

*Snar.* To what purpose,  
I wonder, should Nature create this fellow?  
He is good for nothing else, but to maintaine  
The mutinie of the Paunch, against the members.  
Keepe him from his Whore, and his Sacke, and you  
Detaine him from his center.

*Ard.* By the way,  
I will acquaint thee with a secret *Ieffry*.

*Ieff.* What's that, Sir?

*Ard.* I doe love a pretty Wench well.

*Ieff.* Tis the onely gentile humor that is extant.

*Ard.* I will not leave my recreation that way  
For a whole Empire, 'tis my *summa bonum*,  
My sole felicity, tickles my conceit,  
But not a word.

*Ieff.* Nor I by any meanes, Sir?

*Ard.* And for this cause, I meane t'apply my selfe  
Wholly to my Venerie. I feele this heat  
Renewes my bloud, and makes me younger for it.  
And thou shalt keepe one for me at thy house.

*Ieff.* Where, at my house?

*Ard.* I, there, a beauly barthen  
Of fleshy desires, daily growes upon me;  
And ease workes on my nature, once a weeke,  
When I am ballasted with wine, and lust,  
I'll saile to my Gallaries.

*Ieff.* And unlade there.

*Snar.*



*Hollands Leaguer.*

*Ard.* Wilt keep her for me, & let none come neere her.

*Ieff.* I haue had such favour at your worships hands,  
That should good fortune come in humane shape

To tempt your Mistris, I'de not let her in.

*Ard.* I'll procure thee the Lease of thy house free,  
And when I haue done, I'll see it shan't stand empty :  
Hast thou any good roomes for Stowage there ?

*Ieff.* Spare roomes enough, Sir, why doe you aske ?

*Ard.* Because I will conuay away some Housholdstuffle.  
That's not amisse.

*Ief.* No Sir.

*Ard.* Tis quite against my nature to see any *vacuum*.  
Besides, 'tis not an age to be honest in.

*Ieff.* That's the high way to pouerty.

*Ard.* I meane to make the benefit of my place therefore.  
And when I haue done, I'de faine see all your Artists,  
Your Polititians with their Instruments  
And Plummets of wit, sound the depth of mee.

*Ieff.* It lyes not in the reach of man to fathome it.

*Ard.* Were I set in a place of Iustice now,  
They would admire me, how I should become it ;  
Cough on the Bench with State, sit in my night-cap,  
Stroke out an Apophthegme out of my beard,  
Frame a grave City face, jeere at offenders,  
Cry out upon the vices of the times,

*O Temperes, O morums.*

*Snar.* How the rancke Raskall  
Is overgrowne with flesh and villanie ?

*Ard.* This getting of monie is a mysterie,  
Is to be learnt before a mans Alphabet,  
No matter how, tis suppos'd, he that has it  
Is wise and vertuous, though he be obscure,  
A fugitive, and perjur'd, any thing,  
He, and his cause, shall neither want for friends.  
He is the chicke of the white Hen, old Fortune :  
What ere he treads upon, shall be a Rose.  
He shall be invited to his Capon, and Custard,  
Ride to the Sheriffs a feasting on his Foot cloth,



*Hollands Leagner.*

Possesse the highest roome, have the first carving,  
With please you eat of this, or that, my Noble,  
My Right Worshipfull brother? your rich men  
Shall striue to put their sonnesto be his Pages,  
And their wives to be his Concubines.

*Ieff.* Shall marry young ones a purpose for him.

*Snar.* Very likely.

*Ard.* No more, be gone, I heare my Lord a comming,  
I'll send thee my Wench, marke me, keepe her close :

*Ieff.* Beleeve it, not a breath of ayre comes neere her,  
But what steales in at the window.

*Ard.* 'Tis well said.

*Ieff.* But stay, Sir, will she not be too great a charge  
To keepe her to your selfe, what if you hir'd her  
By the moneth, as your Factors doe beyond Sea,  
And when she is growne old and leakie, Sir,  
Mend her i'th docke, and fraught her ore for *Holland*.

*Ard.* I, ore the water, 'twas well thought upon.  
I thinke, and shee were trimd up, shee would serue  
At last for such a voyage well enough.

What wilt thou say, when I haue done with her,  
If I doe make thee Master of my bottome?

*Ieff.* Who me? the diuell shall be the Pilote first,  
Ere I come neere their quick-sands, their base roads.  
They haue a dangerous Key to come into.

*Ard.* What ere the Key be, still the dore's kept fast.

*Ieff.* As strict as an Aldermans at dinnertime:  
I, and the way to hell is growne so narrow, -  
A man's in danger to passe ore, for if  
V V ereele beside the bridge, straight we shall fall  
Into a Lake that will souly dight us,  
Darker and deeper, then *Syx* or *Cocitus*.

*Adr.* Well rim'd *Ieffry*, this knaue will come in time,  
By being often in my Company,  
And gleaning but the refuse of my speech,  
T'arrive at some proportion of wit,  
But to avoid suspicion, be gone. *Exit Ieffry.*  
Now would I see the man that should affront me.



*Hollands Leaguer.*

My Lord will straight be here, I'll entertaine him,  
And talke as superciliously, and walke  
As stately, as the Warden of a colledge,  
Vntill I haue made a right Pupill of him.

**ACT. I. SCEN. 3.**

*Snarle, Fidelio, Ardelio.*

*Snar.* **H**OW now *Ardelio*, what? so melancholy?

*Ard.* Faith all this day I haue bin so impleid  
With setting things in order, and provisions,  
I can compare my paines to nothing lesse,  
Then a Lord Generals.

*Snar.* Why what's the matter?

*Ard.* Things must be ordered, and there's nothing  
Done, unlesse I ouersee it; my industry  
Must marshall the Dishes, put the Stooles in ranke,  
See the Wood set upon the carriages,  
Sharpen the Knives; all these witnesse my care  
The very shining of the Candlestickes  
Acknowledge my directions.

*Snar.* Tis much,  
The strange activity that some men haue  
To dispatch businesse.

*Ard.* Why Sir, did you never  
Heare how *Apelles* pictured *Homer* spewing,  
And all the Poets gaping to receive it?

*Snar.* Yes, and what then?

*Ard.* In the same manner doe I,  
Vpon the Hushers, the Clarks, and the Butlers,  
The Cookes, and other Officers, amongst whom  
I finde to be a drought of understanding,  
Showre downe the dregs of my counsell.

*Snar.* They are like to be well edified.

*Ard.* Here comes my Lord, make roome for my Lords grace.

**ACT:**



ACT. I. SCEN. 4.

*Philautus, Triphena, Trimalchio, Ardelio,  
Snarle, Fidelio.*

*Ard.* **G**Od save your honour, may your flourishing youth  
Enjoy an everlasting spring of beauty,  
And know no Autumne.

*Philau.* Thankes good *Ardelio*:  
Your wishes haue effect; this is the tree,  
Vnder whose shadow *Flora* builds her Bower,  
And on whose branches, hangs such tempting fruit,  
Would draw faire *Atalanta* from her course;  
An Altar, on which Queenes should sacrifice  
Their scorned loves: Nature will scarce beleeve  
It is her owne invention, and repines  
She has no way to be incestuous.

*Tripha.* Mr. *Trimalchio*, I am sicke to heare him.  
I can't abide these repetitions,  
And tedious *Encomiums* of himselfe:  
Let you and I walke a turne in the Garden.

*Trim.* You are the onely Garden of my delight,  
And I your deare *Adonis*, honour'd Lady.

*Exeunt Trimalchio, Triphena*

*Philau.* *Ardelio*, tell me how this suit becomes me?

*Ard.* Exactly well, Sir, without controuersie,  
And you weare it as neatly.

*Philau.* Nay I have  
A reasonable good Taylor, I hope he has not  
Survayd me so long, but he knowes my dimensions.  
I thinke, I may venter i<sup>th</sup> presence with it.

*Ard.* I<sup>th</sup> presence, I, and *love* were in the presence,  
You'd thrust *Ganimede* out of his office.

*Philan.* What thinke you Gentlemen?

*Fid.* We all doe wish,  
Your beauty, or your vanity were lesse.



*Hollands Leaguer.*

For by this meanes, that which would else commend you,  
Proves your disgrace, you take the edge of playse off,  
Is due to you, by too much whetting it.

*Philan.* I should prove too injurious to my selfe,  
Should I passe over, with a slight regard,  
This building, Nature has solemnized  
With such Magnificence, to which I owe  
The loves of Ladies, and their daily presents,  
Their heuerey solicitations with letters,  
Their entertainments when I come, their plots  
They lay to view me, which should I recount,  
'Twould puzzell my Arithmeticke, and to answer  
Their uniuert desires, would aske the labours  
Of some ten Stallions.

*Ar.* And make all jades of them.

*Fid.* You are the Center of all womens love then.

*Philan.* 'Tis true, I haue a strange attractive power  
Over your females, did you never heare of  
Three Goddesses, that stroue on *Ida* hill,  
Naked before a shepheard, for a Ball,  
With an inscription ; Let the fairest haue it.

*Fidel.* And what of those ?

*Phil.* Bring them all three before me :  
If I surprize them not all at first dash,  
If they fall not together by the eares for mee,  
Nay, if they runne not mad, and follow mee,  
As if they were drunke with a loue potion,  
Nere trust a Prognosticator againe.

*Snar.* But how if you should chance to meet *Dianna*?  
Take heed of her, it is a testy Girl,  
A profest Virgin. *Phil.* 'Tis my ambition  
To meet with her, to bath my limbs with her,  
In the same Well, shoot in her bow, dance with her,  
And get the formost of her troupe with child,  
And turne the rape on *Iupiter*.

*Snar.* Fine ysaith.

*Fid.* It seemes that you are of opinion,  
There is no text of woman kinde so holy,

But



*Hollands Leaguer.*

But may be corrupted, though a Deity.

*Philan.* *Ardelio*, tell me what thou dost think of them.

*Ard.* Who I? hang me should I be questioned  
Now for my faith, concerning Articles,  
Of womenschaftie, I should bee burnt  
For a ranke Heretike, I beleeeve none of them.

*Fid.* But I thinke otherwise; and can iustifie it.  
What if I bring you now unto a beauty  
As glorious as the Sunne, but in desire  
Cold, as the middle Region of the ayre,  
And free from all reflexion of lust?

*Philan.* But shall I speak with her, and tempt her to it?

*Fid.* You shall converse with her, and she shall feed  
Your sense with such discursive influence,  
And a voyce sweeter than the *Lydian* tunes:  
*Iove* would bow downe his eare to, yet her bloud  
Shall runne as cold as Iulips through her veynes:  
The spring-tide of her youth, shall swell with more  
Delights, then there be drops in Aprill, yet shee  
As chaste as *Salmacis*, amidst the streames.  
Her eye shall sparkle like the Diamond,  
And be as pure, her kisses soft and melting,  
As the South wind; but undefil'd as heaven.  
And you shall feele the Elementall fire  
Of her unspotted love, and grieve, and sweare:  
Shee is so celestially, and Divine a creature,  
Thats onely hot in her effect, not nature.

*Philan.* Why such an one would I converse withall.  
The Conquest will be greater, shall I see her?

*Fid.* I'll bring you to her.

*Ard.* He has a strong beleefe.

I have no such confidence, she may be *Lucrese*,  
And he a foolish *Colatius* to brag of her.  
But most of them, in playing fast and loose,  
Will cheat an Oracle. I have a creature  
Before these, Courtiers lick their lips at her,  
I'll trust a wanton haggard in the wind.  
This Lady is his sister, and my Mistris,



*Hollands Leaguer.*

Yet both unknowne to him, some few yeares since,  
Her father iealous of my love, because  
I was a Gentleman of no great fortune,  
Sent her away, and charg'd her by an oath,  
To marry none, till seven yeares were expir'd,  
Six parts of which are gone, yet shee remaines  
Constant to what she promis'd, though his death,  
Has partly quit her: To live in her sight,  
And not enioy her, is a heavenly torment,  
But unsufferable, I must lye apart,  
Till the præfixed minute be expir'd.  
In the meane time, I'll worke by some good meanes,  
To winne his love, and draw him from his folly.  
But first by him, I'll try her constancy.  
I must prepare her for his entertainment,  
Because she will admit no Company,  
Nor will be knowne to any, but my selfe.  
Come Sir, let's goe, by that which shall ensue,  
You shall affirme, what I relate, is true.

**A C T. I. S C E N. 5.**

*Agurtes, Autolions.*

*Agur.* **T**Is a dull age this same, casts not her eyes  
On men of worth, Captaines and Commanders,  
Victorious abroad, are vanquish'd at home,  
With poverty, and disgrace, they looke as bad  
As *Brutus*, when he met his evill Genius:  
Worse, then they had beene frighted from the ruines  
Of *Istis* Temple; and you Sir, for your part,  
That have beene brought up under me at my elbow,  
A daily witnesse unto all my proiects,  
That might have got experience enough  
To cozen a whole State, if they had trusted you.  
Now to be wanting to your selfe, worne out,  
No name, or title, but on posts, and trenchers,

And



*Hollands Leaguer.*

And dores, scor'd with a cole, in stead of chalke;  
Are my hopes come to this?

*Autol.* What should I doe?

I haue no thrining way to lye and flatter,  
Nor haue I such dexterity of wit  
As you haue (blest be heaven) to convert  
Blacke into white.

*Agur.* Nay, if you have no will,  
Nor power to free your selfe, you must resolve  
To sticke in the dirt still.

*Autol.* Nor can I promise  
The death of any by the Starres, I haue  
No rich mans funerall to solemnize,  
That left a guilt ring for my Legacie,  
And his old Velvet jerkin to survive him.  
I haue no secret boyles within my breast,  
For which I am fear'd, no suit in Law to follow,  
No accusation 'gainst a great man,  
No house to let to farme, no tender wife  
To prostitute, or skill to corrupt others,  
And sleepe amidst their wanton Dialogues.

*Agur.* I cry you mercy, you would faine be stil'd  
An honest politticke foole; see all mens turnes  
Seru'd but your owne; so leave off to be good.  
For what is now accounted to be good?  
Take a good Lawyer, or a good Atturney,  
A Citizen that's a good Chapman;  
In a good sense what are they? I would know  
Why a good Gamester, or a good Courtier?  
Is't for their honest dealing? Take a good Poet,  
And if he write not bawdy lines and raptures,  
I'll not giue a pinne for him.

*Autol.* Would you haue me  
A the plagiary, and seeke preferment,  
To be the drunken bard of some blacke stowes?  
And thinke my destinie well satisfied,  
When my shame feeds me, and at length expect  
A Legacie, bequeath'd me from some Bawd,



*Hollands Leaguer.*

In lieu of my old service, or according  
To the proportion of my *Hernia*.

*Agur.* Well I perceive that I must once more take you  
To my protection, which if I doe,  
I'll teach you better rules, you shall no more  
Commit your misery to loose papers.

Nor court my Lord with Panegyricks, nor make  
Strange Anagrams of my Lady: you shall not need  
To deale for stale Commodities, nor yet  
Send forth your privy Bills without a Scale,  
To free you from your lodging, where you have  
Laine in, most part of the vacation.

You shall no longer runne in score with your hostesse  
For browne Tofts and Tobacco, but you shall leave  
Your open standings at the ends of Lanes,  
Or your close coverts in Tobacco-shops,  
Where you giue strickt attendance like a Serjeant,  
Vntill some antidated Country cloake  
Passe by, whom you most impudently may  
Assault, to borrow twelve pence; but beare up  
Stiffly, and with the best.

*Antol.* How shall that be done?

*Agur.* We will not call *Tiresias* from the dead,  
To shew us how, as he did once *Ulysses*.  
You must resolute to learne vertue from others,  
Fortune from me.

*Antol.* For that I'll make no scruple.

*Agur.* I haue a bird i'th wind, I'll fly thee on him.  
He shall be thy adventure, thy first quarry.

*Antol.* What's hee?

*Agur.* A golden one, that drops his feathers,  
That has receiv'd his patrimony, giues monie  
For all acquaintance, when he first came up,  
His onely learch was for prime Curtezans.  
And those he entertain'd for Mistresses,  
Onely sometimes to drinke a health to them,  
The Ladies too would use him for a cooler,  
But they suspect his silence, yet he uses

**Their**



*Hollands Leagner.*

Their names and titles as familiarly  
As he had bought them, thou shalt hooke him in,  
And cracke him like a Nut.

*Antol.* Is he not the Sonne  
To the rich Vsurer, that died so lately?

*Agur.* The same, that heap'd up mony by the Bushel;  
And now this studies how to scatter it.  
His father walkes to see what becomes of it,  
And that's his torment after death.

*Antol.* When shall I see him?

*Agur.* He is to meet me here within this houre,  
Then take you an occasion to passe by,  
And I will whisper to him privately,  
And prayse thee, beyond *Pirrhus* or *Hannibal*.  
You must talke, and looke big, 'twill be the grace on't.

*Antol.* What shall I turne a Roarer?

*Agur.* Any thing.  
Broker, or Pandar, Cheater, or Lifter,  
And steale like a *Lacedemonian*.  
Obserue what I doe, and fill up the Scene.

*Enter Boy.*

How now? what newes?

*Boy.* Sir, there's some five or six without to speake with you.

*Agur.* How, five or six.

*Boy.* Yes, Sir, and they pretend  
Great businesse.

*Agur.* What manner of men are they?

*Boy.* They looke like pictures of Antiquitie.  
And their cloakes seeme to have bin the coverings  
Of some old Monuments.

*Agur.* They are my *Gibeonites*,  
Are come to trafique with me, some designe  
Is now on foot, and this is our Exchange time.  
These are my old proiectors, and they make me  
The superintendent of their businesse.  
But still they shoot two or three bowes too short,  
For want of monie and adventurers.  
They haue as many demurres as the Chancery,

And



*Hollands Leaguer.*

And hatch more strange imaginations  
Than any dreaming Philosopher; one of them  
Will undertake the making of Bay-salt,  
For a penny a Bushell, to serue the State,  
Another dreames of building water-workes,  
Drying of Fennes and Marshes, like the Dutchmen.  
Another strives to raise his fortunes, from  
Decay'd Bridges, and would exact a tribute  
From Ale-houses, and signe-poits: some there are,  
Would make a thorow-fare for the whole kingdome,  
And office, where Nature should give account  
For all shee tooke, and sent into the world.  
But they were borne in an unlucky houre,  
For some unfortunate mischance or other,  
Still come a'thwart them; well I must into them,  
And feast them with new hopes, 'twill be good sport,  
To heare how they dispute it, *Pro*, and *Con*.  
In the meane time, *Antolignus*, prepare  
To meet my Courtier.  
*Antol.* I have my *Q.* Sir.

---

**A C T. 2, S C E N. 1.**

*Agurtes, Trimalchio.*

*Agur.* **T**Is neere about the time he promised.

*Trim.* Boy,

Goe and dispatch those Letters presently.

Returne my service to the Lady *LANTUS*.

And carry backe her Watch, and Diamond.

Aske if the Dutchesse has beene there to day.

And if you chance to see the Lord her brother,

Tell him I'll meet him at the Embassadors.

*Boy.* I shal Sir.

*Agur.* What M. *Trimalchio*.

Yo'are punctuall to your houre.

*Trim.* Sir, for your sake,  
I can dispense with my o<sup>c</sup>casions.

You'll



*Hollands Leaguer.*

You'll not imagine what a heauy stirre,  
I had to come to day.

*Agur.* Why what's the matter?

*Trim.* No lesse then seven Coaches to attend mee,  
To fetch me *Volens, Nolens.*

*Agur.* Pray from whom?

*Trim.* The Lord *Philantus*, and some minor Nobles,  
Whose names, I am loath should clog my memorie,  
They strove for me, as the seven *Gracian* Cities  
Were said to wrangle about the blinde Poet,

*Agur.* How got you rid of them?

*Trim.* I had the grace  
To goe with none of them, made an excuse,  
T' avoyd their troublesome visitations.

*Agur.* How doe they rellish your neglect of them?

*Trim.* I know not, yet I still abuse them all.

*Agur.* How? not abuse them.

*Trim.* I meane laugh at them.  
Some passages, some sprinkling of my wit,  
No otherwise, for which you little thinke  
How I am fear'd amongst them, how the Ladies  
Are tooke with my conceits, how they admire  
My wit, and iudgement, trust me with their secrets,  
Beyond their Painter, or Apothecary.  
I'll tell you in a word, but 'twill perplex you,  
I am their *Lafanophorus*.

*Agur.* Their Pisse-pot carrier.

*Trim.* Their winged *Mercury*, to be employd  
On messages, and for my company,  
They sweare it is the Element they move in.

*Agur.* You are happy, *Signior Trimelchio*.

*Trim.* I thanke my Fates, they haue not altogether  
Envyed me the fruition of such gifts  
Are worth the taking notice of, besides  
Some speciall helps of our owne industry.  
I lately studied the *Economicks*.

*Agur.* What's that?

*Trim.* The ordering of my Familie.



*Hollands Leaguer.*

I haue reduc'd it to a certaine method.

*Agur.* As how?

*Trim.* I'll tell you, since, my fathers death,  
First thing I did, I casheir'd his old seruants;  
And to avoid confusion, and expence,  
I left the Countrie, to reuell it here.  
I'th view of th' world, and in the sight of beauties,  
And haue confin'd my selfe unto some certaine  
Appendices, some necessary implements.  
My single Page, my Coach, my Groome, my Foot-boy,  
And my two pentionarie Whores.

*Agur.* And these  
Are all your inventorie.

*Trim.* Stay, who comes there?

*Enter Autolichus.*

*Agur.* O'tis *Autolichus*.

My Noble friend, and brother of the Sword;  
His stomacke, and his Blade are of one temper,  
Of equall edge, and will eat flesh alike.  
He walkes there melancholy; to shew that worth  
Can passe unregarded, be proud to know him,  
He is the shrewdest pated fellow breathing,  
The onely Engineere in Christendome,  
Will blow you up a Caracke like a squib,  
And row under water: th' Emperour,  
And *Spinola*, by secret intelligence,  
Haue laid out for him any time this ten yeares,  
And twice he has escap'd them by a tricke.  
He is beyond *Dædalus*, or *Archimedes*,  
But liues conceal'd like a Seminary,  
For feare the State should take notice of him.

*Machavill* for policie, was a Dunceto him,  
And had he liv'd in Mahomet's daies, h' had beene  
His onely Counsellor for the *Alcaron*:  
He is newly come from *Holland*.

*Trim.* My bodie  
Is all of an itch, to be acquainted with him,  
Pray speake to him for me.

*Agur.* Nay more, he is able



*Hollands Leaguer.*

To make you a perfect States-man in a moneth,  
Able to be imployed beyond the Line.

*Trim.* You will for euer thrall me to your service.

*Agur.* Harke you, *Autolicus*, here's a Gentleman,  
Who though he be the *Phœbus* of the Court,  
So absolute in himselfe, that the desires  
Of all men tend towards him, and has power  
Enough, to wander in the *Zodiacke*  
Of his owne worth, yet craves your acquaintance.

*Autol.* I take, *Signiour Trimalchio*.

*Trim.* Doe you know me then?

*Agur.* By an instinct, Sir, men of quality  
Cannot lye hid.

*Trim.* Indeed, my fathers name  
Was *Malchio*, for my three additions,  
Of Valour, Wit, and Honour, 'risenlarg'd  
To Mr. *Trimalchio*; this is wonderfull.

*Agur.* Alas, 'tis nothing, Sir, if you knew all.  
No Ambuscado of the enemy,  
No treachery, or plot, but he foresees it.  
He was the first brought o're the mysterie  
Of building Sconces here in *England*, a Trade  
That many live upon.

*Trim.* A good Common-wealths man.

*Agur.* But this is certaine, once in a strait Leaguer,  
When they were close besieg'd, their Amunition  
And victuals, most part spent, he found a meanes,  
To yeeld the Towne on composition.

*Trim.* Stand by a while, I must reward his vertues.  
Sir, will you please t' inlarge your disposition,  
T' accept a Curtesie, to binde me to you.

*Autol.* I doe not use to sell my liberty,  
But that I see your face promise true bounty.

*Trim.* Haue you skill in the face, Sir?

*Autol.* I were not fit else, to be stil'd traveller.

*Trim.* How doe you find my looks inclin'd to State?

*Aut.* Sir, you haue won me to powre out my thoughts,  
And I must tell you plaie, they are too loose,



*Hollands Leaguer.*

Too scatterd, to pretend such an *acumen*,  
Too much displaid, and smooth, you must haue quirks,  
And strange *Meanders* in your face t' expresse  
A State subtilty, I'll make it plaine.  
Hereafter by demonstration in the Opticks.

*Trim.* Who would haue lost the opportunitie  
Of getting such a friend? Came you from *Holland*?

*Antol.* Yes, very lately.

*Trim.* Pray what newes from *Holland*?

*Antol.* *Holland's* beleaguer'd.

*Trim.* What all *Holland* beleaguer'd?

*Antol.* And wil hold out as long as *Busse* or *Bulloign*.

They haue their Mote and Draw-bridge, I haue giuen them  
Besides, a draft of a fortification,  
Will hold them play this twelvemonth, for they keepe  
Their passage open, and want no supplies,  
For whosoever comes, they pay them soundly:  
The French haue made many onflats upon them,  
And still beene foyld.

*Trim.* Is there such hot service there?

*Antol.* Crossing the Line's a Bath to it, I had like  
Beene scorcht to death with the intemperature  
Of the Climate, 'tis the onely *Zona torrida*,  
In the whole microcosme of man or woman,  
If you shall once come neere the height of it,  
I will melt you like Lightning.

*Trim.* Shal's build a Sconce there?

*Antol.* If you please.

*Trim.* Agreed, who is the Leader of  
These factious troupes?

*Antol.* A woman.

*Trim.* How, a woman?  
Now by t'is hand, an *Amazonian*,  
A *Tomara*, a right *Penthesile*.

I'll view this Leaguer by this light, and swim  
Like a *Leander* o're the *Hellestone*,  
That shall divide me from these *Heroines*.

*Agur.* 'Tis well resolu'd, you are not married Sir?

*Trim.*



*Hollands Leaguer.*

*Trim.* No pox, I know them all too well for that:  
I can vse them for recreation, or so.

*Agur.* What thinke you of a rich Widow?

*Trim.* I'll none of them,  
They are like old cloathes that haue beene worne.

*Agur.* I like you, that you care not for such relicks;  
But yet I thinke I have a match will fit you,  
An Orphan, a young heire, that has some thousands,  
Besides her possibilities, if you  
Can win her, she is at her owne disposing,  
There's one that knowes her.

*Trim.* By instinct, it may be.

*Autol.* But for the patterne of true modesty,  
'Tis seldome knowne, riches and vertue meet  
In such a mixture.

*Trim.* Will you bring me to her?

*Agur.* I, and perhaps perswade her to't, you know not  
Let us secure this businesse first of all,  
And then wee'll meet at the Leaguer.

*Autol.* 'Tis good counsell.

*Trim.* And I'll confirme all with a joynture.

*Agur.* Well,  
'Tis done,

I'll tell you more of her, shee is one  
Whose tender yeares have not as yet aspir'd  
The height of wickednesse, but may be brought  
To commit venery in her owne language,  
And be content with one man, has not rob'd  
Young boyes of their voices, knowes not her slights,  
And doubles, nor her Labyrinths, through which,  
The *Minotaur* her husband shall nere tracke her,  
Cannot indite with art, nor giue a censure,  
Vpon the lines are senther, has no agents,  
No factors, pentioners, or Champions,  
Nor has her teares fixt in their Station,  
To flow at her command, and so confirme  
Her perjury; not large in her expence, nor one  
That when she is drest, will call a conventicle



*Hollands Leagner.*

Of young, and old, to passe their iudgements on her,  
As if her life were gag'd upon the matter,  
Nor carries an *Ephemerides* about with her,  
To which sh' ascribes your forked destinie,  
Nor is her body crazie, neither takes shee  
Phy sicke for state, nor will rise up at Midnight  
To eat her Oysters, and drinke Wine, till lust  
Dance in her veines, and till the house turnes round,  
And shee discern not 'twixt her head and taile.  
Nor holdeth strange intelligence abroad,  
To furnish her discourse with, neither takes shee  
Her journie once a yeare to'th Bath, nor is  
So learned, as to iudge berwixt your Poets,  
Which of them writes best, and fluently, nor yet  
Is growne an Antiquary, to decide  
Matters in Heraldry : she has no fucus,  
To catch your lips like Birdlime, nor yet uses  
Restoratives, more then the helpe of nature ;  
I'll speake the noblest words I can, of you :  
So many women on a meere report,  
Doe fall in love with men, before they see them.

*Trim.* Nay, when I see her, I am sure of her.  
I haue a little haile, I am to meet  
A Countesse at th' Exchange within this houre.  
Besides, I haue a Catalogue of businesse,  
If I could thinke on't : so I take my leaue,  
Farewell Gentlemen.

*Autol.* Farewell Sir.

*Agur.* Farewell sweet M. Coxcombe.  
This Wench I so commended, is my daughter.  
And if my skill not failes me, her I'll make  
A Stale, to take this Courtier in a brake.

**A C T. 2. S C E N. 2.**

*Fidelio, Faustina.*

*Fid.* **I**s there no meanes t' absolute you of your oath ?  
The blame on me, let the bright day no longer

Envy



*Hollands Leaguer.*

Envy the darkenesse, that conceales such beauty :  
You are no Votarie, and yet force your youth  
To such a strict and solitary life,  
Which others bound by vow, cannot performe.  
I wonder at the temper of your blood,  
So differing from your Sexe, when your old women  
Doe burne with lustfull thoughts, as with a Feaver,  
Yet you goe on, in the old track of vertue,  
Now overgrowne with seeds of vice.

*Faust.* Sweet heare me ;  
It is a penance that I liue referu'd,  
Because my loue to you was made abortiue,  
But when due time shall perfect in her wombe,  
And bring it forth anew unto the birth :  
I will surrender up my selfe, and it,  
To your dispose : Let it suffice the while,  
I am no haunter of your publike meetings,  
No entertainer, nor no visiter.  
Nor did I euer trust my wandring eyes,  
To view the glittering vanitie of the world,  
Nor euer yet did sit a guilty witnesse  
To a lasciuious, and untun'd discourse,  
Sounding to their phantasticke actions.

*Fid.* But I must beg one favour at your hands,  
And suffer no repulse.

*Faust.* What is't? *Fid.* It may offend you.

*Faust.* It shall not.

*Fid.* Then know that I have boasted of your beauty.  
Nay more, expos'd thy vertues to the triall.

*Faust.* You haue not prostituted them on Stalls,  
To haue the vulgar fingers sweare upon them,  
As they doe vse upon your Plaies and Pamphlets?

*Fidel.* I am engag'd to bring a Lord to see you.

*Faust.* A Lord.

*Fid.* And you must vse all art for his content,  
With Musicke, Songs, and dancing, such as are  
The stirrers of hot appetites.

*Faust.* Prophane.



*Hollands Leaguer.*

And idle wretch, to cast away thy hopes,  
Vpon a Pandarly profession.  
Or didst thou thinke, that I could be corrupted,  
To personate a Strumpets dalliance?  
I grieue for thee. Be gone, henceforth I'll liue  
Immur'd for euer, as an Anchorist,  
From him, and thee, since thou hast wrong'd my loue.

*Fid.* Mistake me not, the difference 'twixt the Poles  
Is not so great, as betwixt me, and basenesse:  
Nor is't a sinister intent to make  
Your favours stale, and common as a drugge,  
Which are so deare to me, that both the *Indies*  
Are not of equall value to ingrosse,  
But for a noble and peculiar end.

*Faust.* This seemes to me a Paradox. *Fid.* 'Tis true.

*Faust.* If it be so, 'tis granted, speake it free.

*Fid.* Then if you please to grant reliefe  
To my desires, take them in brieft;  
I would haue you first expresse  
All the skill that comelinesse  
Can invent, to make you seeme  
Fairst, and pleasant, as loves *Queene*.  
When shee *Anchises* came to kisse  
On the Bankes of *Simois*.

Call the graces, and suborne  
Them thy beauty to adorne,  
Thy face, the table where loue writes  
A thousand stories of delights:  
Make it all over, smooth and plaine,  
But see you shadow it with disdain.

Weave a net out of thy haire,  
A subtle net, that may ensnare  
Such fond soules as shall aspire  
To come neere the holy fire  
Of thine eyes, which were of late,  
By *Cupid's* torch illuminate.

Vse all the delusive art  
That may captinate his heart.

*Faust.*



*Hollands Leaguer.*

*Faust.* What's your intent in this?

*Fid.* I'll haue him punisht.

He casts aspersions of disloyalty,  
On all your sexe, and you shall vindicate them  
When he is plung'd in love irrevocable,  
As conquerd by thy all-subduing looke,  
Then you shall binde him to conditions,  
As I shall first instruct you, shall redeeme  
Him from his folly, and next cleare your honour.

*Faust.* Your will's a law, and shall not be withstood,  
When my ill's quited with anothers good.

**A C T . 2 . S C E N . 3 .**

*Agurtes, Antolicus, Margery.*

*Agur.* **M**argery, goe call your Mistris.  
*Antol.* What is shee?

*Agur.* My daughters maid, a wench fit for the purpose,  
Cunning as a Whore: besides, I haue prouided  
A bed, and hangings, and a casting bottle,  
And once a day a Doctor to visit her.

*Enter Millescent.*

*Millescent* come hither, know this Gentleman.  
Captaine, here lyes our venter, this is shee,  
The rich *Antonio's* daughter, the great heire,  
And Neece to the grand *Sophies* of the City;  
That has beene wooed and sued to by great Lords,  
Aldermans sonnes, and agents of all sorts.  
Thus we haue spoke thy prayse, wench, has not scene  
The man she likes yet, but her fortunes may  
Ordaine her to some better choyce, to the making  
Of some deseruing man, which must needs be  
*Trimalchio*, and no other; how lik'st thou her?

*Antol.* Hang me, so well, I thinke you may goe on,  
In a right line, she is worthy of a better.  
Few of your moderne faces are so good.

*Agur.* That's our comfort, shee may put a good face on't.



*Hollands Leaguer.*

*Miles.* Let me alone, Sir, to be impudent,  
To laugh them out of countenance, looke skirvy,  
As a Citizens daughter new turn'd Madam.

*Marg.* I warrant yon, Sir, my Mistris, and I,  
Haue practised our Lirripoope together.

*Agur.* Thou must insinuate strange things into her  
Both of her vertue and Nobility,  
The largeness of her dowry, besides Jewels,  
Th' expected death of her old grandmother,  
That has a blessing for her, if she marry  
According to her minde, keepe him at distance,  
Make him beleue, 'tis hard to haue access,  
And wait the happy houre, to be let in  
At the backe doore.

*Marg.* I, and the fore-doores too.

*Aunt.* Thou hast a noble wit, and spirit, wench,  
That neuer was ordaind for any skinkard  
T' ingender with, or mechanick Citizen,  
Vnlesse it were to Cuckold him, thou shalt  
Be still i'th front of any fashion,  
And haue thy seuerall Gownes and Tires, take place,  
It is thy owne, from all the City wires,  
And Summer birds in Towne, that once a yeare  
Come up to moult, and then go down to'th Country  
To jeere their neighbours, as they haue beene seru'd.

*Agur.* Nay more, if you can act it handsomely,  
You'll put a period to my undertakings,  
And saue me all my labour of proiecting,  
As putting out my monie on returne,  
From *aqua pendente*, or some unknowne place,  
That has as much adoe to get a roome  
I'th Map, as a new Saint i'th Kalender.  
'Twill dead all my device in making matches,  
My plots of Architecture, and erecting  
New Amphitheatres, to draw the custome  
From Play-houses once a weeke, and so pull  
A curse upon my head from the poore scoundrels.  
'Twill hinder to the gaine of Courtiers,



*Hollands Leaguer.*

Put on by me, to begge Monopolies,  
To haue a fixt share in the businesse,  
Nor need I trample up and downe the Country,  
To cheat with a Polonian, or false rings,  
Nor keepe a tap-house o' h Banke side, and make  
A stench worse then a Brew-house, 'mongst my neighbours,  
Till I am growne so poore, that all my goods  
Are shipt away i'th bottome of a Sculler,  
And then be driven t' inhabit some blind nooke  
I'th Suburbs, and my utmost refuge be  
To keepe a bawdy house, and be carted.

*Milles* Nere feare it Sir.

*Agur.* 'Tis well, speake for thy selfe, *Girl*.

*Milles*. If I doe not, let me be turnd to ashes,  
And they be buried in an vrne so shallow,  
That boyes may pisse into it, let me deale  
In nothing else but making Sugar Cakes,  
Oyntments, and Dentifrices: Let me serue  
Seven yeares Apprentiship, and learne nothing else,  
But to preserue and candy. Let me marry  
With a Pedant, and have no other dowry  
Than an old cast French-hood. Let me line  
The scorne of Chambermaids, and after all,  
Turne a dry-nurse.

*Autol.* You shall haue trophies, wenches,  
Set up for you, in honour of your wits,  
More then Herculean pillers, to advance  
Your Fame to a *non ultra*, that who euer  
Shall read your history, may not attempt  
To goe beyond it.

*Agur.* Well, prepare your selues  
To entertaine him.

*Autol.* Faith you need not doubt them,  
To manage the businesse.

*Milles*. Let us alone.

*Agur.* We leaue the charge to your discretion.



ACT. 2. SCEN. 4.

*Triphana, Quartilla.*

*Quar.* **M** Adam, in troth this grieve does not become you,  
'Tis an ill dressing for so good a face,  
Yet you pursue it with such eagerneffe,  
As if you were ambitiously sad.  
'Tis some invincible malignitie  
Makes her untractable, deafe to all comfort.  
What might I ghesse the cause of this disaster?  
Her Monkey and her Dog are both in health,  
I thanke my providence, onely her Monkey  
Is a little costive, but I'll physicke him:  
Sure her intelligence arriv'd too late,  
About the last new fashion, or the crime  
Lies in the Sempster, or it must needs be  
Some other grand solecisme in her Taylor.  
What if it proue a Capitall offence,  
Committed by the tire-woman? but I belceue  
Some skiruy Ladie put it in her head,  
To practise a State melancholy, that first  
Begins in an imperious revolt,  
And frowning, and contempt of her owne husband,  
And what she might recover by the Law  
In case of separation, or a nullity,  
Which she already has tooke counsell of:  
Come it is so.

*Triph.* Nay tell me now, *Quartilla*,  
Can I behold the current of that loue  
Should flow to me with a prodigious course,  
Runne backe to his owne head, to haue a husband  
That should grow old in admiration  
Of the rare choyce he made in me, at last,  
As if there were a barrenesse and want  
Of my perfections, dote upon himselfe?  
I could plot against him? Pre'thee *Quartilla*,

How



*Hollands Leaguer.*

How long hast thou beene chaste?

*Quar.* This chastity  
Is quite out of date, a meere obsolete thing;  
Cleane out of use, since I was first a Mayd,  
Why doe I say a Maid? let *Iuno* plague me,  
If I remember it, for I began  
Betimes, and so progreſt from leſſe to bigger;  
From boyes to Lads, and as I grew in yeares,  
I writ my Venery in a larger volume.

*Triph.* Where's my brother? *Quar.* With his Tutor for ſooth.

*Triph.* I thinke that dull *Promethæus* was a ſleepe  
When he did forme him, had he but ſo much  
As the leaſt ſparke of ſalt that is in me,  
He would ſee me righted.

*Quar.* He is very obtuſe,  
And ſo are many of your elder brothers.  
I carried all the wit from mine, when I  
Was young, I'de haue lookt a Captaine in the face;  
Anſwerd him in the Dialogue, and haue ſtood  
On tip-toe to haue kiſt him: But for your brother,  
Doe not deſpaire good Madam, what although  
His breeding be a little coarſe, he may be  
A Lord in's time, now he has meanes enough?

*Thiph.* I ſent for him up hither to that purpoſe:  
But yet I am aſham'd to haue him ſcene,  
Or ſhew him publikely.

*Quar.* You haue prouided  
A Tutor to inſtuct him, a rare man,  
One that has poyſon'd me with eloquence,  
I feare he will make my belly ſwell with it.

*Triph.* Goe call the Novice hither, and his Tutor.

*Exit Quarilla.*

And now I thinke on't, Mr. *Trimalchio*  
Shall take him ſtrait to court with him, to learne  
And imitate his faſhions, ſucke from him  
The Quinteſſence of education.  
He is the onely man I know, and for  
His face, it is the abſtract of all beauty.



Nor does his voyce sound mortall, I could dwe  
For ever on his lip, his very speech  
Would season a tragedy; nay more, there is  
A naturall grace in all his actions.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 5.

*Triphena. Quartilla, Capritio, Miscellanio.*

*Triph.* **V** What are you come, tis wel, advance yet forward  
We ever told you what a hatefull vice  
This bashfulnesse was counted.

*Quart.* You forget  
The *Theoremes* we told you. Lord how often  
Shall we inforce these documents upon you?

*Capr.* May not a man buy a brazen face, think you,  
Among all this Company?

*Quar.* By no meanes  
Your Trades-men will not part with them, there are  
Many i'th City haue such furniture,  
But they doe keepe them for their owne wearing.

*Miscel.* Stand by a while, let me salute these Ladies.  
Haile to these twins of honour, and of beauty.

*Quar.* Sir, you transgresse in your opinion,  
If you consider both, alas my beauty  
Is much exhausted.

*Miscel.* Lady, you are deceiued,  
For you are amiable, or else I haue  
In vaine, so often exercised my iudgement  
In the distinction of faces. *Quart.* I shall  
Be proud to be so seated in your favour.

*Triph.* But tell me, *Signeour Miscellanio*,  
What thinke you of your pupil?

*Miscel.* Troth I found him  
As rude as any *Chaos*, so confus'd  
I knew not which way to distinguish him.  
He seem'd to me, not to participate  
Of any Gentle Nature, never I thinke,



*Hollands Leaguer.*

To fashion out a *Mercury* with such  
A crooked peece of timber, was attempt ed  
By a true traveller : but I hope in time  
To rectifie him, for *Labor vincit omnia.*

*Triph.* Does he come on well, is there any hope  
He will receive his true dye, his right tincture?

*Miscel.* I warrant you, that I'll make him in time,  
A perfect *Caveleiro* : he shall weare  
His clothes as well, and smell as ranke as they,  
And court his Mistris, and talke idly : that's  
As much as can be required in a true Gallant,  
T' approue him one : nay more too, he shall dance  
And doe the halfe Pomado, play at Gleeke,  
And promise more than ere he will performe,  
And nere part with a penny to a Trades-man  
Til he has beat him for't : shall walke the streets  
As gingerly, as if he fear'd to hurt  
The ground he went on, whilst his cast downe eye  
Holds commerce with his legges : shall utter nothing  
What ere he thinkes, yet sweare't what ere it be.  
Nay more, he shall vow love to all he sees,  
And damne himselte to make them beleue it.  
Shall fawne on all men, yet let his friend perish,  
For what he spends in one day, on his Punke,  
For Coach hire: these are speciall properties,  
And must be often practis'd, to remember,  
He shall neuer rise till it be ten a clocke,  
And so be ready against dinner time.

*Caprit.* Slight and my father had not bin an Ass,  
I might haue beene able to haue writ this downe.

*Triph.* Pray let me heare how he has profited.

*Miscel.* Salute these Ladies as you were instructed.  
You must conceiue the coldnesse of his courtship,  
As yet points but one way ; you may suppose it  
To his disdainfull Mistris, when he shall come to  
The *Cape de bme speranza* of her loue,  
He may vary like the compasse of his complement.

*Capr.* Lady, the Fates have led me to your service,

To



*Hollands Leaguer.*

To know my selfe vnworthy of your favours,  
Yet let me so farre winne upon your bountie,  
That what I utter in humilitie,  
May not cause my contempt, or have my loue  
Shak'd off, because tis ripe, but let me hang by  
The stalke of your mercie, the remnant of whose life  
Lies in your power.

*Miscel.* Your oath now to confirme it,  
If she should chance to doubt, or presse you to it.

*Caprit.* That's true indeed. By the structure of your breasts,  
And by the sicken knot that tyes your haire  
Vpon the top of your crowne, I protest it.

*Quart.* If he can persevere, tis excellent.

*Enter Trimalchio.*

*Trim.* Where be these noble Ladies?

*Tripb.* Sir you are come in the most happy houre,  
I was wishing for you.

*Trim.* I am in haste,  
And onely come to see you: there's a banquet  
Stands ready on the table, and the Lords  
Sweare they will not sit downe, untill I come.

*Trip.* You stil are in such hast, when you come hither.

*Trim.* I thinke I must retire my selfe, I am  
So sued and sought to, where I come, I am growne  
Even weary of their loves: Last night at a Masque,  
When none could be admitted, I was led in  
By the hand, by a great Lord, that shall be namelesse,  
And now this morning early, in his Chamber,  
A Fencer would needs play with me at foyles,  
I hit him in three places, and disarm'd him.

*Quar.* Why now my dreame is out, I lay last night  
Vpon my backe, and was adream'd of fighting.

*Trip.* Sir, will you please to know these Gentlemen,  
My brother, and his Tutor.

*Trim.* I must craue pardon,  
Is this your brother?

*Tripb.* Yes.

*Trim.* I must embrace him.



*Hollands Leaguer.*

I ueuer saw a man in all my life  
I so affected on the sudden, sure  
There's some Nobility does lurke within him  
That's not perspicuous to euery eye:  
He promises so faire, I should haue knowne him  
To be your brother, had you not told me so.

*Miscel.* Your method now of thankes.

*Caprit.* Right Noble Sir,  
I haue so often times beene honour'd,  
And so much madeified.

*Quart.* That word I taught him.

*Capr.* With the distilling influence of your bounty,  
That I must blame my selfe, and my hard fortune,  
That has envyed me the ability  
To render satisfaction.

*Miscel.* Very well.

*Trip.* Sir you must pardon him, he is but a Novice,  
Newly initiated, and 'tis his fault,  
That he is bashfull.

*Trim.* Is that all? I'll take him  
To Court with me, where he shall be acquainted  
With Pages, Laundresses, and wayting women,  
Shall teach him impudence enough.

*Trip.* 'Tis my desire.

*Quar.* His Tutor has taught him the Theory,  
Onely he wants the practise.

*Trim.* I pray Sir,  
Without offence, may I demand of you,  
What doe you professe?

*Miscel.* Why Sir, any thing  
Within the compasse of humanity.  
To speake, or act, no *Pythagorean*  
Could euer thinke upon so many shapes  
As I will put you in; the *French*, the *Spanish*,  
Or the *Italian* garbe; not any one,  
But ioyntly all, I'll make a perfect man  
Out of the shreds of them.

*Quart.* Besides the riding



*Hollands Leaguer.*

Of the great Mare ; nay Sir, his very carvings,  
Euen to the discecting of a Capon.  
Are Lectures of Anatomy.

*Trim.* I shall  
Be proud to know him.

*Miscel.* Now I collect my selfe,  
Sure I haue seene you Sir in *Padua*,  
Or some face neere like yours.

*Trim.* I haue indeed,  
Receiu'd letters of invitation  
From one, that's sonne to a *Magnifico*,  
Who is inform'd that I am very like him.

*Miscel.* There was the mistake then.

*Trim.* Sir, had I power  
O're my occasions, which now are urgent,  
I would most willingly imploy the time  
In survey of your vertues.

*Miscel.* Sir, it has beene  
The scope I euer aym'd at in my travels,  
To seeke out, and converse with such as haue  
With forraine obseruations advanc'd  
Their naturall endowments, and I thanke  
My Starres, I haue beene euer fortunate  
To be belou'd amongst them, and that you  
Are one, I make no question.

*Trim.* Sir, you need not.

*Miscel.* My mind was euer larger, than to be  
Comprisd within the limits of my Country.  
And I congratulate my Fate, in that  
I come so neare the vertue of that planet,  
That rul'd at my Nativitie ; whose nature,  
Which e're it be, is euer to be wandring.

*Trim.* Sir, I must be abrupt, but for my promise  
Vnto some Noble friends that doe expect me,  
I could not easily be drawne away  
From one in whom so many severall graces  
Are so apparent, therefore I intreat you  
Not to impute it to my lacke of judgement,



*Hollands Leaguer.*

Or neglect of your worth.

*Miscel.* By no meanes, Sir,  
Friendship is turn'd into an iniury  
When it usurps authority, conceiue me,  
O're a friends businesse, some other time  
Shall serue to giue a mutuall testimonie  
Of love betweene us, and how much I honour you.

*Quar.* When will you doe this?

*Capr.* I am practising.

*Trip.* Prethee *Quartilla*, helpe me stave them off.  
Although they haue no mercy on themselues  
Yet we must use some conscience.

*Quar.* Gentlemen,  
You'll breake your wits with stretching them, forbear  
I beseech you.

*Trim.* My wit, it never failes me,  
I haue it at a certainty: I'll set it  
To runne so many houres, and when'tis downe,  
I can wind it up like a Watch. But I feare  
I haue deceiu'd the time too long. Ladies,  
I'll take my leaue of your faire beauties: you haue  
No seruice to enioyne?

*Trip.* You'll take my brother  
*Capritio* with you.

*Trim.* If he please, and his Tutor.

*Miscel.* My suffrage shall consent to any thing  
Her Ladyship approues.

*Quart.* You must remember,  
You proue not refractory to your discipline,  
'Twill be much for your improvement.

*Trim.* I'll bring him  
Vnto a Captaine, shall set both our faces  
To looke like the very *Ianus* of a States-man,  
And so farewell. Come Sir.

*Exeunt Trimalchio, Capritio.*

*Trip.* I told you, Signior,  
What a rare man he was.

*Miscel.* In all my travels



*Hollands Leaguer:*

as we not met the like; not any one  
Was so mellifluous in his discourse.  
I thinke when he was young, some swarme of Bees  
Did light upon his lips, as it was fain'd  
Of *Hesiod*.

*Triph.* Let's in, for I shall mourne,  
And be melancholy, till his returne.

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**ACT. 3. SCEN. I.**

*Philautus, Ardelio.*

*Phil.* **A** *Rdelio*, we are now alone, come tell me  
Truly, how does the vulgar voice passe on me.  
*Ar.* Why Sir, the shallow currents of their brains  
Runnes all into one streame, to make a deepe,  
To beare the weighty burthen of your fame.

*Phil.* And 'tis all true they say.

*Ard.* That you are most faire,  
A most exact, accomplisht, gentile Lord,  
Not to be contradicted, 'tis a truth  
Aboue all truths, for where is any truth,  
That is agreed upon by all, but this?

*Phil.* Such is the force of beauty, there is nothing  
Can please without it, and who euer has it,  
As there be few, is adjudg'd happy in it.

*Ardel.* All this is true.

*Philan.* Then he that has a pure  
And sublim'd beauty, 'tis a thing sensible,  
And cannot be denyed, must be admir'd,  
And free from all detraction.

*Ardel.* This is true.

*Phil.* He that excels in valour, wit, or honour,  
He that is rich, or vertuous, may be envy'd,  
But love is the reward of beauty; no object  
Surprises more the eye, all that delights us,  
We ascribe beauty to it.

*Ardel.*



## *Hollands Leaguer.*

*Ardel.* All this is true.

*Phi.* Looke high or low, 'tis true, why are the stars  
Fixt in their Orbes, but to adorne the heauens?  
And we adore their beauty more than light.  
Looke on the Arts, how they tend all to beauty,  
'Tis their onely end: he that builds a house,  
Scriues not so much for use, as ornament,  
Nor does your Orator compose a speech  
With lesser care, to haue it elegant,  
Then moving; and your Limner does obserue  
The trimme, and dresse, more then the rules of painting.

*Ard.* All truth, and Oracles. *Phi.* Look on a faire ship,  
And you will say, 'tis very beautifull.

A Generall reioyces in the title  
Of a faire Army. I'll come nearer to you;  
Who were thought worthy to be deified,  
But such as were found beautifull? for this cause,  
*Ioue* tooke up *Ganimede* from *Ida* hill,  
To fill him wine, and goe a hunting with him.

*Ard.* 'Tis too much truth to be spoke at one time.

*Philan.* It shall suffice, but yet you know that man  
May safely venter to goe on his way,  
That is so guided, that he can not stray.

*Enter Fidelio.*

How now, hast thou obtain'd in thy request?

*Fid.* I haue with much entreaty gain'd your admittance

*Phil.* Let me embrace my better *Genius*.

*Fid.* I doe not use the profession.

*Phil.* 'Tis an Art

Will make thee thrive; will she be coy enough?  
To tell you true, I take a more delight  
In the perplexity of woiing them,  
Then the enioying.

*Fid.* She is as I told you:

*Phil.* If she be otherwise than I conceiue.

A pox on the Augury.

*Fid.* But harke you, Sir,  
You need not be known who you are. *Phi.* For that,  
Trust to my care; Come let us goe about it.



*Hollands Leagner.*

Some men may terme it lust; but if it hit,  
The better part shall be ascrib'd to wit.

*Excuse.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 2.

*Timalchio, Capritio, Agurtes, Autolicus.*

*Trim.* **H**OW goes our matters forward? *Ag.* Very well Sir,  
For I have made your entrance open; told her  
All that I can to grace you, that you are  
Exactly qualified, unparallel'd,  
For your rare parts of mind, and body, full  
Of rare bounty, and that she likes best in you,  
Shee holds it a good argument you will  
Maintaine her well hereafter, marry else  
She is naturall covetous, but that's  
A point of Huswivery, she does not care,  
You should spend much upon your selfe, and can  
Dispense with housekeeping; so you allow her  
To keepe her State, her Coach, and the fashion,  
These things she meanes to article beforehand,  
I tell you what you must trust to.

*Trim.* Very well Sir.

*Ag.* Now see that you be circumspect, and faile not  
In the least circumstance; you may doe somewhat  
Extraordinary, at the first meeting.  
For when she has conceiv'd of your good nature,  
The lesse will be expected.

*Trim.* Why the Captaine  
Has put me in a forme:

*Agur.* Of words he has,  
But you must doe the deeds.

*Trim.* I, so I will.  
For looke you Sir, I have the severall graces  
Of foure Nations, in imitation  
Of the foure Elements, that make a man  
Concurre to my perfection.

*Ag.* As how? *Trim.* I am in my complement, an Italian,

In



*Hollands Leaguer.*

In my heart a *Spaniard*,  
In my disease a *Frenchman*,  
And in mine appetite an *Hungarian*.

*Agur.* All these are good and commendable things  
In a Companion, but your subtle women  
Take not a mans desert on trust, they must  
See and feele something, what you giue her now,  
You make her but the keeper, 'tis your owne,  
You winne her by it: I should be loath to see you  
Out done with Courtesies: what if some Guil,  
That has more land than you, should interpose it,  
And make ecclipse betweene you? 'tis a feare,  
Therefore you must be sodaine, and dispatch it,  
For she is ticklish as any Haggard,  
And quickly lost: she is very humourfome.

*Trim.* I'll fit her then, I am as humourfome  
As her selfe, I haue all the foure humors.

*I am hot, I am cold,  
I am dry, and I am moyst.*

*Agur.* I must be like the *Satyr* then, and leaue you,  
If you are hot and cold.

*Trim.* Oh you mistake me.

*I am hot in my ambition,  
I am dry in my iests,  
I am cold in my charity,  
And moyst in my luxury.*

*Antol.* Sir, for the Gentlewoman that is with her,  
Not so much in the nature of a seruant,  
As her Companion; for 'tis the fashion  
Amongst your great ones, to haue those wait on them  
As good as themselves: she is the sole daughter  
To a great Knight, and has an ample dowry.  
Apply your selfe to her, though it be nothing  
Else but to practise Courtship, and to keepe you  
From sleepe and idlenesse.

*Capri.* I shall be rul'd  
By you in any thing.

*Antol.* You shall not doe



*Hollands Leaguer.*

Amisse then : what? you may get her good will :  
And then obiect it to your friends ; you can  
Advance your selfe without their counsell.

*Capr.* Counsell;  
I still scorn'd that.

*Trim.* Captaine, a word with you :  
Were I not best looke like a Statesman, thinke you?

*Autol.* What to a woman? 'twere a solecisme  
In nature, for you know *Cupid's* a boy,  
And would you tyre him like a Senator,  
And put a declamation in his mouth?  
'Twere a meere madnesse in you : here they come ;  
See what a Maiesty she beares, goe meet her.

**A C T. 3. S C E N. 3.**

*Trimalchio, Capritio, Agurtes, Autolicus,  
Millicent, Margery.*

*Tri.* **S**Tand by, it is my happinesse invites me.  
**S**O that I could appeare like *Iupiter*,  
Vnto his *Scemele*.

*Agur.* Why, would you burne her?

*Tri.* Yes, with my love I would; most Luculent Lady,  
After the late collection of my spirits,  
Lost in the admiration of your beauty,  
Let me crave pardon. *Milles.* Sir, for what?

*Trim.* My boldnesse. *Milles.* I apprehend none.

*Trim.* You must pardon me,  
For I am jealous of the least digression :  
And you may justly frowne.

*Milles.* I should be loath,  
To acknowledge so much from you.

*Trim.* Lady, you have those faire additions  
Of wealth, and parentage, joyn'd to your vertues,  
That I may justly suspect your disdain :  
But by my hopes, I doe not court your fortunes,  
But you.

*Milles.* Beleeve



## Hollands Leaguer.

*Miles.* Beleeve me, no deserving man  
Shall be the lesse esteem'd for that, where I finde  
Ability to governe, what I bring him.  
Tis that I valew: things that are without me,  
I count them not my owne.

*Trim.* Tis a speech Lady,  
Worthy an Emperesse. I am a made man,  
Since you have cleer'd the heaven of your brow:  
Now by that light I sweare, a brighter day  
Nere broke upon me.

*Agur.* Sir, I hope this Lady  
Shall have no cause to repent your admittance.

*Miles.* Sir, for my part, since vertue is my guard,  
I doe not onely keepe my doores still open,  
But my breast too, for Gentlemen of merit.

*Trim.* Now by this ayre, that does report your voice  
With a sound more then mortall: by your faire eyes,  
And as I hope to be enrold your servant,  
I honour the meanest stitch in your garment.

*Miles.* I would not wish you place your love upon  
A thing so meane, so likely to be cast off.

*Trim.* O divine counsell! that so rare a beauty  
Should mixe with wisedome: these words are not lost.  
I am your slave for ever. I'll goe hire  
Six Poets to sing your praise, and I my selfe  
Will be the seventh to make up the consort.

*Antol.* You see your friend there, M<sup>r</sup> Trimalchio  
Is like to speed, and fairely on his way  
To much happinesse. I would not willingly  
That any should miscarrie in a plot  
That I have a hand in: you must be sodaine  
I told you, if you meane to be a favourite  
To fortune, and your Mistris, and be bold.

*Cap.* If I had spoke to her, the brunt were past.

*Antol.* I then the yce were broke; now she makes towards  
Tis the best time, let no occasion slip, (you,

*Cap.* Lady advance the pinnacle of your thoughts,  
And enlarge the quadrangle of your heart,



*Hollands Leaguer.*

To entertaine a man of men.

*Autol.* A man  
Of meanes, sweet Lady, that I can assure you.

*Marg.* Hee's so much the more welcome, I assure you,

*Autol.* You are welcome by this meanes, doe you mark

*Caprit.* Some 3000. a yeare or thereabouts. (that ?  
Alas I value it not, 'twill serue to trifle  
In pinnes, and gloves, and toies, and banquets.

*Marg.* 'Tis much.  
One of so tender yeares, should step so soone  
Into the world.

*Caprit.* Indeed the spring of my courtship  
Has beene somewhat backward : but I will strue  
To redeeme it ; I haue some seeds a growing,  
Shall make m' ere long, spread like a Gentleman,  
And you shall say so too.

*Marg.* I doe beleue it.

*Caprit.* Nay where you doe or no, 'tis no great matter,

*Autol.* Be not Capritious.

*Caprit.* My name's *Capritio*.  
There be in Towne of the *Capritio's*,  
Came from our house, that shall approve it so.

*Autol.* What will you say, if I shew you a way  
To get a generall credit ?

*Caprit.* Can you doe it ?

*Autol.* I can, and will ; I'll haue you out of hand,  
The master of a good horse, and a good dogge,  
And be knowne by them.

*Caprit.* Will that doe it ? *Autol.* Will it ?  
Why when you once haue match'd your horse, or dogge,  
The aduers party being a man of note,  
'Twill raise an inquisition after you.

Whose is the horse, sayes one, Mr, *Capritioes*.  
What he, sayes another ? a Noble Gentleman.  
'Twill draw the eyes of a whole Shire upon you,  
Besides the Citizens that goe downe to bett.

*Caprit.* Why this is rare indeed.

*Autol.* And then 'twill furnish you

With



With fitting discourse for any mans table.  
A horse and a dogge, no better a subiect  
To exercise your tongue in, many Ladies  
Talke in that dialogue; besides, there being  
A kind of neare relation in the nature  
Of you and those beafts. the good qualities  
That are in them, may be thought to be yours.

*Cap.* I'll buy me a dancing horse that can caper,  
And haue him call'd *Caprio*, by my name.

*Aut.* You may doe so. *Capr.* Lady, by your leane I will.

*Mar.* Sir, what you please. *Aut.* Her desires go with yours.  
Obserue but what a wife sh's like to proue,  
That is no more imperious being a Mistris.

*Cap.* Brother come hither. *Trim.* I am busie here.  
How doe you like the fabricke of this Watch?

*Milles.* Pray let me see it, a rare peece of worke.

*Trim.* It cost me twelve pound, by this light, this morning.

*Milles.* But that it was so deare, I would haue begg'd it.

*Trim.* 'Tis at your service, Lady.

*Milles.* I'll make vse of  
Your courtesie, with many thanks, Sir.

*Trim.* Nay, but  
You must not haue it.

*Milles.* Will you goe from your word?

*Trim.* I'll giue you as good, but this is none of mine,  
By this hand I borrowed it.

*Milles.* You said you bought it. *Trim.* I said so indeed.

*Milles.* You should doe well to buy you  
A better memorie, as I shall hereafter,  
To keepe at distance with you.

*Exit Millescent,*

*Agur.* Is she gone? *Trim.* Gone in a fume.

*Agur.* How did you anger her?

*Trim.* She would haue begd my Watch, and I excus'd it.

*Agur.* She beg your Watch? she scorns to beg any thing.  
Shee has more than shee can tell what to doe with.  
Perhaps shee long'd for yours, and would receiue it  
As a courtesie, why would you shew it her,  
Vnlesse you meant to part with it?



*Hollands Leaguer.*

*Trim.* I know not:  
I thinke my wit was crampt,

*Agur.* You must nere looke for,  
The like occasion offerd you; why this  
Was such a time to win her loue: a gift  
Would put her every houre in minde of you.

*Trim.* What shall I doe? *Agur.* Best send it after her.

*Trim.* Doe you carry it; tell her withall, I'll send her  
A Coach and foure horses, to make her amends.

*Agur.* Give me the Watch, if I doe make all good,  
Will you performe your promise?

*Trim.* By my life,  
I'll send them without faile, immediatly.

*Ag.* I'll after her, and see what I can do. *Exit Agur.*

*Cap.* Stand for a watch: here take this Diamond:  
Nay, doe not wrong me, I have sworne you shall,  
Were it as good as that which was made precious  
By *Berenices* finger, which *Agrippa*  
Gave his incestuous sister, you should have it.  
What doe you thinke I am an Asse? no sir,  
Tis he has taught me wit.

*Auto.* And you are happy,  
That can be wise by other mens examples.

*Cap.* What should I loose my Mistris for a toy?

*Trim.* Lead on good brother, I am all of a twear,  
Vntill some gale of comfort blow upon me. *Exeunt.*

**A C T. 3. S C E N. 4.**

*Philautus, Fidelio, Faustina.*

*Fid.* **Y**OU see that I have brought you to the treasure,  
And the rich garden of th' *Hesperides*:  
If you can charme thole ever-watchfull eyes  
That keepe the tree, then you may pull the fruit,  
And after glorie in the spoyle of honour.

*Phil.* Prethee let me alone with her.

*Fid.* I'll leave you.

*Exit Fidelio.*

*Phil. Ladie,*



## *Hollands Leaguer.*

*Phil.* Ladie, my preface is to know your name.

*Fau. Faustina, Sir. Phil.* I may be happie in you.  
I have a sifter somewhere of that name,  
That in her youth did promise such a feature,  
And hopes of future excellence: she had  
A beautie mixt with maiestie, would draw  
From the beholders, love, and reverence.  
And I doe ill me thinkes, with unchaste thoughts  
To sinne against her memorie: this taske  
Would I were rid of; but I'll venter. Ladie,  
You are not blinde, I conceive.

*Fau.* No sir, I have not  
Yet scene a thing so strongly sensible,  
To hurt my eye-sight.

*Phil.* Then I hope you can  
Take notice of a Gentlemans good parts,  
Without a Periphrasis.

*Fau.* What's that? *Phil.* A figure,  
Needlesse at this time to explaine my defects,  
So easie and apparent to be scene.

*Fa.* I dare not enuie, nor detract, where worth  
Do's challenge due relation of respect:  
Nor is my wit so curious, to make  
A glosse or comment on your qualities.

*Phil.* Tis too much labour, 'twere a taske would dull  
The edge of Rhetoricke, to describe them rightly;  
Nor would I have them dwell upon your tongue,  
But fixed in your thoughts, there let them moue  
Till they meet in coniunction with your love;  
Nature would boast so sweet a simparchie.

*Fau.* I should be torrie, if my understanding  
Moud in so poore a circle, as your praise;  
I have not leisure to take notice of it.  
Is this all you have to say? *Phil.* No, I have more;  
But love is slow to dictate to my vows:  
And yet those sacred and divine impulsions,  
Strike truer then my heart, and by his power  
That has inflam'd me, here I swcare I love you.

*Fau.* Your



*Hollands Leaguer.*

*Faust.* Your oaths and loue, are made of the same ayre.  
Both dye in their conception: quickly utterd,  
And as easily not beleeued.

*Phil.* Nay now you wrong  
My true intent.

*Faust.* Suppose I grant you loue me,  
What would you inferre?

*Phil.* That you should speake the like,  
And with the same affection.

*Faust.* If your loue  
Be not a Bawd unto some base desire,  
I doe returne the like.

*Phil.* I know not how  
You may interpret it, but sure the law,  
And the command of nature, is no basenesse,  
A thing that *love* himselte has dignified,  
And in his rapes confess'd the god of loue  
The greater of the two, who Kings haue stoopt to,  
We are allow'd t' inioy some stolne delights,  
So we be secret in't; for 'tis set downe  
By such as in this art haue skilfull beene,  
W' are not forbid to act, but to be scene.

*Faust.* Vpon these termes, I doe deny you loue me  
'Twas lust that flatter'd sinne, made love a god,  
And to get freedome for his thefts, they gaue  
Madnesse the title of a Deitie.  
For how can that be loue, which seeks the ruine  
Of his owne obiect, and the thing beloued.  
No, true loue is a pure affection,  
That giues the soule transparent, and not that  
That's conuersant in beastly appetites.

*Phil.* Tell not me of your Philosophicall loue.  
I am a foole to linger, womens denyall  
Is but an easie cruelty, and they  
Love to be forc'd sometimes.

*Faust.* Pray know your distance.

*Phi.* Come you dissemble, and you all are willing

*Faust.* To what?



*Hollands Leaguer.*

*Phil.* There's none of you but feele the smart  
Of a libidinous sting; else wherefore are  
Those baits and strong allurements to intice us?  
Wherefore are all your fleckings, and your curlings,  
Crispings, and paintings, and your skinne made soft,  
And your face smoothe with ointments, then your gate,  
Confin'd to measure, and compos'd by art,  
Besides the wanton petulancy of your eyes,  
That scatter flames with doubtfull motion,  
Vnlesse it were to prostitute your beauty?

*Faust.* I'll giue account for none Sir, but my selfe.  
And that I'll speake before my Virgin Zone,  
Shall be vnti'de by any unchaste hand,  
Nature shall suffer dissolution.  
But what ere others be, me thinkes your worth  
Should not pretend to an ignoble action.

*Phil.* Now by this light I thinke you'll moralize mee.

*Faust.* 'Tis my desire you should goe better from mee.  
Then you came hither; you haue some good parts  
But they are all exteriour, and these breed  
A selfe conceit, an affectation in you,  
And what more odious? Some applaud you in it,  
As parasites, but wise men laugh at you.  
Will you imploy those gifts that may commend you,  
And adde a grace to goodnesse, had you any,  
In the pursuit of vice, that renders you,  
Worthy of nought but pittie?

*Phil.* I came as to  
A Whore, but shall returne as from a Saint.

*Faust.* Then leave to prosecute the foggy vapours  
Of a grosse pleasure, that involves the soule  
In clouds of infamie. I wonder one  
So compleat in the structure of his bodie,  
Should haue his minde so disproportion'd,  
The lineaments of vertne quite defac'd.

*Phil.* I am subdu'd, she has converted mee.  
I see within the mirror of her goodnesse,  
The foulnesse of my folly: sweet instruct me.

And



*Hollands Leaguer.*

And I will stile thee my *Egeria*.

*Fau.* It is a shame, that man that has the seeds  
Of vertue in him, springing unto glory,  
Should make his soule degenerous with sinne,  
And slave to luxury, to drowne his spirits  
In Lees of sloth, to yeeld up the weake day,  
To wine, to lust, and banquets.

*Phil.* Here's a woman:  
The soule of *Hercules* has got into her.  
She has a spirit, is more masculine,  
Then the first gender: how her speech has fill'd me  
With love and wonder? sweet Ladie proceed.

*Fau.* I would have you proceed, and seeke for fame  
In brave exploits, like those that snatch their honour  
Out of the talents of the *Roman* Eagle.  
And pull her golden feathers in the field.  
Those are brave men, not you that stay at home,  
And dresse your selfe up, like a Pageant,  
With thousand anticke, and exoticke shapes,  
That make an idoll of a Looking-glasse,  
Sprusing your selfe two houres by it, with such  
Gestures and postures, that a waiting wench  
Would be asham'd of you, and then come forth  
T'adore your Mistris Fanne, or tell your dreame,  
Ravish a kisse from her white glove, and then  
Compare it with her hand, to praise her gowne,  
Her Tire, and discourse of the fashions;  
Make discovery, which Ladie paints, which not:  
Which Lord playes best at Gleeke, which best at Racket.  
These are fine elements.

*Phil.* You have redeem'd me,  
And with the sunnie beames of your good counsell  
Dispers'd the mist that hung so heavie on me:  
And that you may perceive it takes effect,  
I'll to the warres immediately.

*Fau.* Why then,  
I must confesse I shall love you the better.

*Phil.* I will begin it in your happy omen:



But first confesse, that you haue vanquisht me,  
And if I shall orecome an enemy,  
Ycild you the Trophies of the victory.

*Faust.* Please you walke in the while.

*Phil.* I shall attend you.

*Exit Faustina.*

Henceforth I'll striue to flye the sight of pleasure,  
As of an Harpy or a Basiliske,  
And when she flatters, scale my eares with Waxe,  
Tooke from that boat, that rowed with a deafe oare,  
From the sweete tunes of the *Sicilian* shoare.

*Enter Trimalchio, Capricio, Fidelio, Ardelio, Snarles*

*Trim.* Are you for the warre indeed?

*Phil.* Immediately.

Is there any of you will goe along with me,  
Besides this Gentleman?

*Trim.* I thinke no body.

*Phil.* *Ardelio*, thou art my faythfull seruant.

*Ard.* Alasse sir,

My body is fat, and spungy, penetrable;  
And the least cold will kill mee.

*Snarle.* Yet his face

Is hatcht with impudency, threefold thicke.

*Ard.* I am not for your Trenches, and cold crampes;  
Their discipline will quickly bring me vnder:  
I'll stay at home, and looke to your businesse.

*Phil.* Brother *Capritio*, what say you to it?

*Caprit.* Who I? ods lid I am not such an Ass,  
To goe amongst them, like your volunteers,  
That frighted worse at home with debt and danger,  
Trauell abroad i'th summer to see seruice,  
And then come home i'th winter, to drinke Sacke.  
I am none of those, i'll hardly trust my selfe  
In the Artillery yard, for feare of mischief.

*Phil.* Mr. *Trimalchio*, you are yong and lusty,  
Full of ambitious thoughts.

*Trim.* 'Tis true indeede,  
That I am growne ambitious of honour.



*Hollands Leager.*

And meane to purchase it. *Snarle.* But with no danger  
Of life and hope.

*Trim.* I meane to hazard a limme for it.

*Phil.* Why, whither are you going?

*Trim.* To the Leager,

Vpon the same imployment, that *Hercules*  
Did once against the *Amazons.*

*Snarle.* And I

Will stay at home, and write their annals for them.

*Phil.* Stay all at home, and hug your ignominies,  
And whilst we spoyle the enemy, may you

Be pil'd by pimpes. Cheaters intrench vpon you.

Let Bawds, and their issues ioyne with you. Marry

With whores, and let proiectors rifle for you.

And so I leaue you.

*Trim.* We shall heare of you,

By the next Caranto, I make no doubt of it.

*Actus 4. Scene 1.*

*Trimalchio, Capritio.*

*Trim.* Brother *Capritio*, are you well provided  
With ammunition? arm'd *Capa pea*,  
To scale the Fort of our *Semiramis*?

*Capr.* I am appoynted, Brother.

*Trim.* Then let vs on,

And beate a parly at the gates. So, ho.

*Enter Pander.*

*Pand.* How now what bold aduenturers be here?

What desperat rudenesse tempts you to your ruine?

Here are no Geese to keepe our Capitoll.

But men of armes, you slayes, stout impes of *Mars*:

Gyants, sonnes of the Earth, that shall rise vp,

Like *Cadmus* progeny, to fight it out,

Till you are all consumed. Haue you any gold?

Tis that must breake our gates ope: there are lockt

A score of *Danaes* wenches of delight,

Within this Castle, if I list to shew you

Where



*Hollands Leager.*

Where *Circe* keepes her residence, that shall,  
If shee but lay her rod vpon your necks,  
Trausforme you into Apes, & Swine, you sheepsface.  
If thou shalt once but drinke of her enchantments,  
Shee'll make a Lyon of thee. *Caprit.* Alasse sir,  
I had rather looke like an Asse, as I am still.

*Trim.* Bec not too boistrous, my sonne of thunder.  
Wee are wel-wishers to thy campe, and thee,  
Here is a freshman, I would haue acquainted  
With the mystery of your iniquity.

*Pand.* I do imbrace thy league, and returne the hand  
Of friendship. To thy better vnderstanding,  
I will discover the situation of the place.  
Tis of it selfe an Iland, a meere Swans nest:  
Which had *Vlisses* scene, he would prefer  
Before his *Ithaca*; and he whom Fate  
Shall blesse to vanquish it; Hee may deserue  
The name of a new conquerour. It has  
The credit, to bee styl'd the *Terra florida*,  
Of the best beautyes in the Towne, my friend;  
That repaire hither vpon the least summons,  
Besides some that are constant to their trenches.  
*Venus* in his house is predominant.

Tis barren, I confesse. Yet wholly giuen  
To the deeds of fructication. But those  
Are barrd from comming to perfection,  
With Rheumes, and diseases. You Dormise;  
What must I reade a lecture to you gratis?

*Trim.* No sir, here's money for you.

*Pander.* You may enter,  
And returne safe, vpon your good behauiour.

*Actus 4. Sene 2.*

*Bawd 2. Whores.*

*Bawd.* Well, they may talke of *Dunkerke*, or of *Callis*,  
Enricht with forraign booties, but if euer



*Hollands Leager.*

A little Garrison, or sconce, as this,  
Were so fill'd up with spoyles, let me be carted.

*1. Whore.* And carry it so cunningly away,  
Beyond the reach of Iustice, and of all  
The iurisdiction in our owne hand,  
Like a free state.

*Bawd.* Did not I purchase it?  
And am not I the Lady of the Mammor?  
And who shall dare to question mee? I hope,  
I shall be able to defend my Fort,  
From the inuasion of the painted staffe,  
Or the tempestuous paper Engine, safe,  
As a Moale in a Trench and worke at hie midnight.  
When their wise heads are layd, wee'l rayse the spirits  
Of our dead pleasures, vse the benefit  
Of youth, and dance our Orgyes by the Moonelight.

*1. Whore.* I hope they need not to condemne vs, wee drive  
As open trade as they, and vent as ill  
Commodities, as any: all that we vtter,  
Is in darke shoppes, or else by candlelight.

*2. Whore.* We are become the enuy of Citizens.

*1. Whore.* It is reported that we study phyficke.

*Bawd.* Why so?

*1. Whore.* The reason is, because we know  
The seuerall constitutions of mens bodies.

*2. Whore.* And some tearme vs the Leager.

*Bawd.* We defye

The force of any man, who's that knocks so?  
Go bid the watch looke out, and if their number  
Be not too plurall, then let them come in.  
But if they chance to bee those rustian Souldiers,  
Let fall the purcellis. All they can do,  
Is to discharge a volley of oathes at me.  
He take no tickets, nor no future stipends.  
Tis not false titles, or denominations  
Of offices can do it. I must haue money.  
Tell them so, draw the bridge. He make them know,  
This is no widdowes house, but *Marcus Maritius*,  
Is Lord of the Island. Who wast?



*Hollands Leager.*

1. *Whore.* The Constable. *Bawd.* What would he haue?

2. *Whore.* You know his businesse.

*Bawd.* Pox on the Marshall, and the Constable.

There cannot be a Mystery in a Trade,  
But they must peepe into it. Mercilesse varlets,  
That know how many fall by our occupation,  
And yet would haue their Venery for nothing.  
A chambermayd can't haue a Ruffeto ser,  
But they must bee poking in it;  
Now they haue brought vs vnder contribution,  
They vex vs more then the Venetians doe  
The whole Corporation of Curtezans:  
But we must giue good words, shew them a roome.

*Enter Ardelio.*

*Ard.* There's hot seruice within, I heare the Musketo  
Play from the Rampiers. I am valiant,  
And will venter vpon the very mouthes of them.

*Bawd.* Mr. *Ardelio*, you haue beene a stranger.  
You are growne rich of late.

*Ard.* Who, I growne rich?

*Bawd.* Yes somewhat purfy for want of exercise.

*Ard.* Well, I was wont to put in for a gamester.  
But now I am quite thrust out of all play.

*Bawd.* We were wont to be your subiects to worke on,  
And since you scorne vs, yet you cannot say,  
But you haue found good dealing at our hands.

2. *Whore.* We haue bin alwaies bent to your worships will  
And forward to helpe you on at all times.

*Ard.* Come, you are good wenches.

*Bawd.* Truly sir you know,  
I keepe as good creatures at liuery,  
And as cheape too, as any poore sinner  
Of my profession.

*Ard.* Hast thou ere a morsell,  
That is not tainted, or flye blowne?

*Bawd.* Indeede I haue  
So much ado to keepe my family sound,  
You would wonder at it and such as are so,  
They are taken vp presently. But I haue one,



*Hollands Leager.*

I dare commend to you, for wind and limme?

*Ard.* Come, let me haue her then.

*Bawd.* Please you walke in, sir.

*Exit Ardelio.*

*Enter Miscellanio.*

*Miscel.* Its strange there is no more attendance giuen,  
To vs her in a man of my quality.

Are you the Gouvernesse of this Cinqueport, Lady?

*Bawd.* The fortresse, sir, is mine, and none come here,  
But pay me custome.

*Miscel.* Hast thou nere a Pilot,  
Or man of warre to conduct a man safe  
Into thy Harbour? there be roagues abroad,  
Piraticall varlets that would pillage mee.

*Bawd.* Very well, sir.

*Miscel.* I thought at first, you would haue bard my entrance,

*Bawd.* I doe not vse the fashions of those Countries,  
That keepe a stranger out foure weekes at sea,  
To know if hee bee sound. I make no scruple,  
But giue free traffique to all Nations.

If you haue payd your due, you may put in,  
There is the way, Ile follow presently.

*Exit Miscel.  
lanio.*

I thinke our souldiers are all come, lets in  
And set the watch.

*Enter Trimalchio, Capritio.*

*Trim.* Stay punke, make roome for vs,  
That haue aduanc'd our banners to thy walls,  
Past all the pikes, the perdues, and the Centries?  
Tis a good *Omen*, whers *Bellona* there,  
And the daughters of *Mars*, those braue Girles?  
We are come to pay our homage to their smockes.

*Bawd.* Nay, if you are vnruely, we shall tame you.

*Trim.* Feare not, wee are tributaries, punke.

*Bawd.* Sir, doe you speake with no more reuerence  
To me? it seemes you know me not

*Trim.* I shall

Endeauour to preserue thy dignity,  
Art thou that braue *Hyppolite*, that gouernes  
This troupe of *Scythians*? Speake, *Orithya*,  
My *Menalippe*, my *Aniope*



*Holland Leager.*

Wee are sworne vassals to your petticoates.

*Bawd.* Did you attempt but the least iniury,  
There be in readines, would vindicate  
The wrongs, and credit of my house.

*Trim.* I know  
Thy power, punke, and do submit me, punke,  
*Tam Marti, quam Veneri.* Tis thy Motto, punke.

*Caprit.* Would I could tell how to get out againe.

*Bawd.* How came you in I haue you performed all duties?

*Trim.* I threw thy *Cerberus* a sleepey Morfell,  
And pay'd thy *Charon* for my waftage ouer.  
And I haue a golden sprig for my *Proserpine*.

*Bawd.* Then you are wel-come, sir.

*Trim.* Nay I do honour  
Thee, and thy house, and all thy vermine in't.  
And thou dost well to stand vpon thy guard,  
Spight of the statutes. Tis a Castle this,  
A Fort, a Metrapolitan bawdy house.

A *Cynosarges*, such as *Hercules*  
Built in the honour of his pedigree,  
For entertainment of the bastard issue  
Of the bold Spartan.

*Bawd.* You haue sayd enough, sir.  
And for requitall, I will shew you in,  
Where you shall read the titles, and the prices.

*Trim.* But here's a brother of mine is somewhat bashfull:  
I'd faine deliuer him to thy discipline.

*Bawd.* What, is he bashfull? that's a fault indeed.  
Come hither, chops, you must not be so shamefac'd.

*Trim.* Loe you there, sir, you shall come forth in print.  
March on, my *Calypso*, come sir, follow your colours.  
You shall haue the leading of the first titles.

*Actus 4. Scene 3.*

*Agurtes* like a Constable.

*Antolicus* } like watchmen.  
*Snarle* }

*Agur.* Are your disguises ready?

*Antol.*



*Hollands Leager.*

*Antol.* I haue mine.

*Snarle.* Mine's in my pocket.

*Agur.* Put it on your face.

Now they are hould, Ile watch their comming forth,

And fright them in the forme of a Constable,

If that succeeds well, then Ile change the person,

To a Iustice of peace, and you shall act

My clarke. *Antolius.* They say an officer

Dares not appeare about the Gates: Ile try it.

For I haue made one drunke, and got his staffs.

Which I will vse with more authority,

Then *Mercury* his all-commanding rod,

To charme their steps, that none shall passe this way;

Without examination. There stalkes one, *Ardelio passes by.*

Ile first know what he is; now they drop away,

As if they leapt out from the Trojan horse;

This is the Autumne of the night: who goes there?

*Ardel.* A friend.

*Antol.* Friend, or foe, come before the Constable.

*Agur.* Whence come you, friend?

*Ardel.* And't please you Sir, I haue

Been wayting on my neece, home to her lodging.

*Agur.* Why, is your Neece a Leagerer, a futtler,  
Or Laundresse to this Fort?

*Ardel.* No, and it like you,

Shee lyes without the campe.

*Agur.* You lye like a Pimpe.

You are an Apple-squire, a Rat, and a Ferrer.

I saw you bolt out from that Conney-berry.

*Ardel.* Mr. Constable.

*Agur.* Out of the wind of me: what do you thinke,

You can put out the eyes of a gorcrow?

Fob mee off so, the Constable, that haue

The parish stock of witt in my hands? I am glad,

That I haue got you from your couert. You shall

Bee learcht, you shall along with me sir.

*Ardel.* Whither?

*Agur.* No farther then to prison, where you shall pay,

but



*Hollands Leager.*

But forty shillings for noctiuagation.

*Ardel.* I am vradone then. There are forty old scores,  
I owe in Towne, will follow after mee.

*Agur.* What are you? whats your name?

*Ard.* *Ardelio,*

A Lords seruant.

*Agur.* Do Lords seruants doethis?

*Ardel.* Alas, a veniall sinne, wee vse to learne it,  
When wee come first to be pages.

*Agur.* Stand by, ther's one has got a clap too.

*Miscellanio passes by.*

*Miscel.* The shirt of *Hercules* was not so hot?

*Snarle.* Ther's one sure has beene hurt with a *Grenade*.

*Agur.* How now, who's there?

*Miscel.* Here's no body.

*Agur.* No body. My senses sayle mee then, who ist?  
What man are you?

*Miscel.* No man, you are deceiu'd,  
I cannot find I am a man, that part  
Is dead, wherein I once was an *Achilles*.

*Auto.* Come neerer.

*Miscel.* I can not go, I haue lost my nerues.

*Antel.* You shall be carryed to the Iayle then.

*Miscel.* Fitter

For an Hospitall. I am condemned already  
To fluxes, and dyet drinckes.

*Trimalchio. Capritio.*

*Trim.* Murder, Murder, Mr. Constable, Murder.

*Agur.* Who's that? *Ieronimoes* lonnes ghost in the Garden?

*Trim.* O Mr. Constable, wee haue beene so vsde,  
As neuer two aduentrous Gentlemen  
In the hands of their enemies.

*Agur.* Whats the matter?

*Trim.* Let mee take breath: I am at the last gaspe.  
We haue eskapt from the denne of the *Cyclops*,  
There was one rannea spit against my eyes.

*Caprit.* Amongst the rest, there was a blinke-cyed woman  
Set a great dog vpon mee.

*Trim.* They haue spoyld vs  
Of our cloakes, our hats, our swords, and our money.

*Snarle*



*Hollands Leager.*

*Snarle.* Your wits, and credit were both lost before.

*Caprit.* No, wee had not our wits about vs then.

*Trim.* Good sir, let's thinke on some reuenge, call vp  
The Gentlemen prentises, and make a Shrouetuesday.

*Agur.* By no means, I must suppress all violence.

*Caprit.* My brother talkt of building of a sconce,  
And straight they seiz'd our cloakes for the reckoning.

*Trim.* There I lost my hat and sword in the reskew.

*Agur.* T was wel done.

*Trim.* And whilst some strove to hold my hands,  
The other diu'd in my pockets. I am sure,  
There was a fellow with a rand face, whose breath  
Was growne sulphurous with oathes and tobacco,  
Pust terror in my face, I shal neuer bee  
Mine owne man againe.

*Bawd and whores from aboue.*

*Bawd.* Stop their throates, some body. (mote.

*1 Who.* Twere a good deed to haue made them swim the

*2 Who.* I, to haue stript them, and sent them out naked.

*1 Who.* Let's sally out, and fetch them in againe.

Then call a court on them for false alarms.

*Trim.* Flye from their rage, sir; they are worse then  
They'll teare vs, as the Thracians did *Orpheus*, Harpyes,  
Whose Musicke, though it charmd the powers of Hell,  
Could not bee heard amongst these. Mr. *Ardelio*  
And *Miscellanio*, I ioy to see you,  
Though ill met here.

*Miscel.* Signiour *Trimalchio*,  
Sir yon must pardon me. I cannot stoop.  
I haue the *Grincums* in my backe, I feare  
Will spoyle my courtship.

*Trim.* Mr. *Ardelio*,  
Who would expected to haue met you here?

*Ard.* Nay, who would not expect it? tis my haunt.  
I loue it, as a pigeon, loues a salt-pit.

*Miscel.* O mee! my scholler to: how came he hither?  
I did not meane t' impart this mystery.  
How could hee find it out?

*Trim.* His owne *Minerva*,

And



*Hollands Leager.*

And my helpe, fir. *Agur.* Well you must alltogether,

*Trim.* Whither must wee go?

*Agur.* Marry, before a Iustice.

To answere for your ryot.

*Ardel.M.* Constable.

*Agur.* I can not dispence with it.

*Misael.* Let vs redeeme our peace.

*Agur.* Not before next sessions. Bring them away.

*Snarle.* Come, there's no remedy.

*Atlas 4. Scene 4.*

*Band, Whores, Pander.*

*Band.* Was euer such a treacherous plot intended,  
Against our State, and dignity?

*Pand.* Had this

Past with impunity, they might haue sworne,  
Vengeance had runne the country.

*1. Whore.* But I hope,

They haue no cause to boast their victory

*Pand.* Now by this aire, as I am a true souldier,

Bred vnder, and deuoted to your Banner.

But that your pittie did preuent my rage,

They should haue knowne no quarter, for this brow  
Brookes no offronts.

*2. Whore.* Captaine you fought it brauely.

*Band.* Wee'l haue a stone grauen with characters,  
To intimate your prowesse.

*Pand.* No my deare Gorgons,

I will not haue my fame wander without,

The precincts of your Castell. tis enough

It can be sheltred heere, within these wales.

And to recourt with your acknowledgements,

What this Fort to my protection.

*Band.* Captaine wee must confesse you are our Guardians.

*Pand.* Then let mee sacrifice vnto my humour.

All you this night, shall be at my disposing.

To drinke and drab, tis the fault of your: fortune.

That do professe this trade, t'haue somebody,



*Hollands Leager.*

To spend your purchase on, tis my decree,  
What others ryot, you should waste on me.

*Actus 4. Scene 4.*

*Agurtes like a Iustice of peace.*

*Antolicushis Clarke.*

*Agur.* What, are they come?

*Antol.* Yes, sir.

*Agur.* Then let mee see

How I can act it: do I looke like a Iustice?

*Antol.* As fearefull as an Ass in a Lyons skinne, sir.

*Agur.* Here I begin my state. Suppose mee now  
Come downe the staires, out of the dining roome,  
Into the hall, and thus I begin. *Brisco.*

Call *Brisco* my Clarke.

*Antol.* At your elbow, sir.

*Agur.* Reach mee my ensigne of authority,  
My staffe I meane. Fy, fy, how dull you are,  
And incompoused? Now set me in my chaire,  
That I may looke like a Cathedrall Iustice,  
That knew, what belongs to an *Assignamus*,  
And *Dedimus potestatis*. Nay, though we are  
Of the peace, wee can give *Priscian* a knocke.  
Let mee alone now to determine causes,  
As free from error as the Pope. Old *Minos*,  
And *Rhadamans*, are not so skill'd in vrne,  
As I am in the statutes. I haue them ad *vague*.  
Now if they enter, at their perill see it.  
How dost thou like my action?

*Antol.* Very well, sir.

*Agur.* Let them come in.

*Enter Sparle like a Constable. Trimalchio, Capi-  
prasio. M-scellanio, Ardilio.*

Now Mr Constable,

I must commend your diligence. Come hither.

*Sparl.* Sir I haue brought foure men before your Worshipp,  
I found last night, at midnight, in the streets,



*Holland Leager.*

Rayning a tumult.

*Agur, Brisco,* bee ready to take  
Their examination. Good: you found foure men,  
At midnight. Whose men are they?

*Trim.* Our owne men, sir.

*Agur.* So it seemes by your Liueries.  
Write that downe; first they say, they are their owne men.

*Ardel.* Sir, by your saouour, I am not my owne man.

*Agur.* I thought they would not all bee in one tale,  
I knew I should find them tripping, and I  
Once come to fist them. You are not your owne man.  
It argues you are drunke. Write his confession,  
*Ex os tui me te indico: perge* Mr. Constable.

*Snarle.* I hold it fit, your Worship should examine  
What they did there so late.

*Agur.* What did you there  
So late?

*Miscel.* Good Iustice *Eccho*, wee had busines.

*Agur.* Record, they say they had busines. They shall know.  
That I am Iudge of Record, and what I do  
Record, shal stand, and they shal haue no power  
To plead not guilty in a *Scire facias*,  
By a Recognisance. I haue my termes.

*Ardel.* Good your Worship, giue vs not such hard words.

*Trim.* Tis almost as hard vllage as the Leager.

*Agur.* Then you came from the Leager?

*Trim.* You may reade

Some aduentures in our habit, wee haue scene,  
And tasted the experience of the warre.

*Miscel.* They haue made me of another religion,  
I must turne Iew, I thinke, and bee circumcised.  
I may be any thing, now I shall lose a Limbe.  
I may goe seeke my pension with the Iouldiers.  
But tis no matter, I'll turne valiant,  
And fight with the slunpe.

*Agur.* You are a fighter then.  
This doth appeare to mee, to bee a Iew.  
What thinke you, Mr. Constable?

*Snarle.* I thinke no less.



*Hollands Leager.*

*Agur.* was *ad terrorem populum.*

*Snarle.* I know not

What you meanes, but I meane as your worship meanes.  
I did perceiue they had beene quarelling.

*Agur.* Why then 'twas an affray, a sudden affray,  
Directly against the State of *Northampton.*  
The *Decimo tertio*, of *Harry* the fourth cleares the doubt.  
How doe you trauerse this, what doe you answere?

*Ard.* We make a question, by your worships fauour,  
Vnder correction, whither that which was  
Done vnder forraine powers, in forraine Lands.  
Be punishable heere or no.

*Agur.* How proueyou that?

*Ard.* Tis a prouince by it selfe, a priuiledgd place,  
A strong corporation, and has factions  
In Court and Citty.

*Trim.* Is inhabited  
With furies, that doe multiply like *Hydra*  
An army of diseases, can't surpresse them,  
Besides their many fallings t' other way.

*Agur.* I should be loth t' infringe their liberties,  
Ile send you to betryed, from whence you came then

*Caprit.* O good your worship, hang vs vp at home first,  
Let vs indure the racke or the strapado,  
We doe submit vs to your worships censure.

*Agur.* Haue you provided surties for the peace then?

*Ard.* More neede to prouide somethings for my belly  
I thinke they meane to keepe me for race.  
I am false away quite, I was like a hoghead.  
Now I am able to runne thorow my hoops.

*Agur.* Whats he that halts before me? doe you mocke me?  
Tis ill halting before a cripple, sirra.

*Miscel.* This fore against my will, I can not helpe it.  
Would I could runne away with halfe my teeth.

*Agur.* Can't a man haue the venerable gowt,  
Or the bone-ache, but you must imitate him?

*Miscel.* Good Mr. Iustice.

*Agur.* Mocke your fellow rogues.  
I am none of those, that rayld my fortunes with



*Hollands Leager.*

Fiddling and Tobacco. Make his Mittimus.

*Snarle.* And't please you sir, here's one has brought a Letter  
*Agur.* From whom?

*Snarle.* He sayes, from one Mistrisse *Millesent*,  
The contents will informe you.

**The Letter.**

**N**Oble sir, I am sorry to interest my unstayd  
honour in the patronage of offenders, or to  
abuse the credit I haue with you, in stopping  
the course of Iustice against them, whose youthfull  
licenciousnesse, would pollute the pen of a Lady  
to excuse it. On the other part, I hold it the be-  
traying of a virgins sweete disposition, to with-  
draw her fauours, where she has once plac'd them,  
although there be some want of desert. I must con-  
fesse tis an Antipathy to my nature, to see any Ge-  
ntleman suffer, when I may preuent it. Howsoeuer  
I haue found a disrespect from him, yet I forget  
it. For anger abides in the bosomes of women, as  
snow on the ground: where it is smooth and leuell,  
it fals quickly off, but remaynes where it is rough  
and vneuen. That this may appeare to bee true, I  
would intreate you to dismisse those two Gentlemen  
and their associates, Mr. Trimalchio, and Capri-  
tio, whose rayotous loosenesse has made them ob-  
noxious to your censure, and my suspicion. Thus

not



*Hollands Leager.*

not doubting the successe of my letter, I rest in your  
fauour as you may presume on mine, and your true  
friend, Millefcent.

*Agur.* This Lady, that has writ in your behalfe,  
Is one I honour.

*Trim.* How should she heare of it?

*Agur.* It seemes, your fault is quickly blowne abroad.

*Trim.* I had rather seale a *Nouerint vniuersi*,  
For a thousand pound stale commodities,  
Then shee should know of it.

*Agur.* As for you two,  
You may pay your fees and depart, you haue  
Your manumission, for this Ladies sake.  
Master Constable, you are discharg'd, and you may  
Goe along with them and receiue their fees.

*Mis.* Though I say nothing, yet I smell something:  
A Lady send a letter? Shee is in loue  
With me, Ile pawne my life, and I nere knew it.  
I'll get my backe well, and goe visit her.

*Ard.* Now I haue got my teeth at liberty,  
And they ere tye me to the racke againe,  
Let me be choakt.

*Exeunt Miscellanio, Snarle, Ardelio*

*Agur.* Well, I perceiue you are  
A fauourite to this Lady. Whats your name?

*Trim.* *Trimalchio.*

*Agur.* And yours?

*Capr.* *Capritio.*

*Agur.* Two ancient names in *Camden*, Of what country?

*Capr.* Of *Norfolke.*

*Agur.* The *Capritios* of *Norfolke.*  
I thinke we shall bee kin anon. My mother  
Was a *Capritio*, and of that house;  
Are you alyed vnto this Lady?

*Trim.* No sir.

But I haue formerly beene entertain'd



*Hollands Leager.*

As a poore sutor to her graces fauour.

*Agur.* I finde by that, you are a man of fashion.  
And would you then?

*Trim.* Nay good sir, doe not chide.

*Agur.* Yes, I must tell you, that you were to blame,  
Hauing so faire a fortune before you, to wrong  
A Lady of her spirit; so rich, and faire,  
Of vnreprooued chastity, and one  
So high in birth, nay 'tis not possible  
To speake her vertues, and present your selfe  
So lumpishly, nay perhaps fill her bed  
Full of diseases.

*Trim.* Good sir, say no more,  
I am a traytor, I haue kild a man,  
Committed sacriledge. Let her seeke reuenge  
For these, or if lesse punishment will serue:  
To haue me beaten, Ile runne naked to her.

*Agur.* I will not presse a good nature so farre:  
You two shall stay and dine with me. Ile send  
My coach for your Mistris, it shall goe hard:  
But I will make you friends, before we part.

*Actus 5. Scene 1.*

*Philantus, Fidelio, Faustina.*

*Fanst.* Now let mee bid you welcome from the warres,  
Laden with conquest, and the golden fleece  
Of honour, which like Iason, you haue brought  
T'inrich your Country, now indebted to you.  
Had it not beene a pitty such a talent  
Of vertue should be lost or ill imployd?

*Phil.* Lady, you are a good Phyficion,  
It was your counsel wrought this miracle,  
Beyond the power of *Aesculapius*:  
For when my mind was stupified, and lost  
In the pursuit of pleasures: all my body  
Torne, and dissected with close vanities,  
You haue collected me anew to life:



*Holland's Leager.*

And now I come to you, with as chaste thoughts,  
As they were first adulterous, and yeeld  
A due submission for the wrong I did  
Both to your selfe, and sex.

*Faust.* Sir, for my part,  
You haue your pardon.

*Phil.* You were borne to quit mee.

*Fudel.* But when you know the Authour of your freedome,  
You'll thanke her more.

*Phil.* Why, who is it?

*Fudel.* Your sister.

*Phil.* Who? not *Faustina*? shee told me so indeede,  
Her name was *Faustina*. Let mee looke vpon her,  
As on the picture of all goodnesse, engraued  
By a celestiaall finger, shall weare out:  
A marble character. I knew her not,  
I am glad there is a scien of our stock,  
Can beare such fruit as this, so ripe in vertue.

Where haue you liu'd recluse? you were betrothd  
To one *Fidelio*; but crost by your father.  
I haue heard good reports of the Gentleman.

*Faust.* I neuer knew you flatter any man  
Vnto his face before.

*Phil.* Vnto his face?  
Where is hee?

*Fidel.* My name's *Fidelio*.

*Phil.* I am transported, rauisht: giue mee leaue  
Good gods, to entertaine with reuerence,  
So great a comfort. Let mee first embrace you.  
Great ioyes, like greifes, are silent. Loose mee now,  
And let me make you fast. Here ioyn your hands,  
Which no age shall vnty. Let happinesse  
Distill from you, as the *Arabian* gummes,  
To blesse your issue.

*Fidel.* Now I hope, sweet Lady,  
The time has put a period to your vow.

*Faust.* Tis ended now, and you may take a comfort,  
That I could tye my selfe to such a law.  
For you may hope thereby, I shall obserue you



With no lesse strict obedience.

*Fide.* I belecue you.

*Phil.* And for her dowry, I will treble it.

*Enter Snarle.*

Heere *Snarle* is come to be a witnesse to it.

*Snarle.* My Lord *Philautus*, if I may presume  
To congratulate your Honour's safe returne,  
I must confesse, I doe it with my heart,  
And all your friends long to participate  
Your happy presence.

*Phil.* Thankes both to them and thee.

*Snarle.* Master *Fidelio*, no lesse to you.  
I see you happy in your Mistris fauour:  
And thats as much, as I can wish to you.

*Fidel.* You haue bin alwaies priuy to my counsell.  
Aske me no questions now, I shall resolue you  
When we come in.

*Phil.* How fares our Campe at home,  
*Trimalchio*, and the rest?

*Snarle.* I haue beene busie,  
In proiecting for them, they must all bee married.  
I haue scene the interlude of the Leager:  
And we haue playd the Iustice, and the Constable:  
I will not prepossesse you with the sport,  
But I will shew you such a scene of laughter.

*Phil.* Where is *Ardelio*.

*Snarle.* Your seruant *Ardelio*.  
Tis the notorioust mixture of a villaine,  
That euer yet was bred vnder the dunghill  
Of seruitude. Hee has more whores at command,  
Then you haue horses. He has stables for them,  
His priuate vawting houses.

*Phil.* Discharge him the house.  
Take his accounts and office, and dispose them.

*Snarle.* Euer your Lordships true and saythfull seruant.



Actus 5 Scene 2.

*Millescent, Margery.*

*Milles.* When was my Father, and the Captaine heere?

*Marg.* They are plotting abroad, I hope to see you shortly  
Honestly married, and then turne vertuous.

*Milles.* Tis the course of the world now, *Margery.*  
But yet I feare, I haue got such a tricke,  
When I was young, that I shall neuer leaue it.

*Marg.* What helpe then? the poore Gentleman must suffer.  
Good *Trimalchio*: tis his fate.

*Milles.* I am thinking,  
What I shall do with him, when I am married.

*Marg.* What do other women do with their husbands?  
Bring him vp in obedience, make him besides  
An implement to saue your reputation.  
Let him not presse into your company  
Without permission, you must pretend,  
You are asham'd of him. Let him not eate,  
Nor lye with you, vnlesse he pay the hire  
Of a new gowne, or petticoate: liue with him,  
As if you were his neighbour, onely neere him,  
In that you hate his friends: and when you please  
To shew the power you carry ouer him,  
Send him before on foot, and you come after  
With your coach and foure horses.

*Milles.* Tis fitting so.

*Enter Miscellanio.*

How now what peece of motion haue wee heere?

Would you speake with any body?

*Miscel.* My businesse,  
Is to the Lady *Millescent*.

*Milles.* Whats your will?

*Miscel.* Are you that Lady?

*Milles.* Yes, my name is so.

*Miscel.* To you then I direct m'apologie.



*Hollands Leager.*

It seemes your eye with approbation,  
Has glanc'd vpon my person. I protest  
I neuer was so dull in the construction  
Of any Ladyes fauour in my life:

I am asham'd of my error. *Milles.* In what, sir?  
I can not call to mind that ere I saw you.

*Miscel.* You haue beene still too modest to conceale it.  
That was not my fault: you did ill to strue  
To hide the flames of loue, they must haue vent:  
Tis not the walls of flesh can hold them in.

*Milles.* What riddles haue we heere? that I should  
I would not haue you thinke so wel of your selfe. (loue you)

*Marg.* Perhaps hee has some petition to deliuer,  
Or would desire your letter to some Lord.

*Misce.* I know not how, sure I was stupified,  
I haue ere now ghest at a Ladyes mind,  
Only by the warbling of her Lute string,  
Kissing her hand, or wagging of her feather.  
And suffer you to pine for my imbraces,  
And not conceiue it?

*Milles.* Pray bee pacified:  
This fellow will perswade me, I am in loue.

*Miscel.* Lady, you haue tooke notice of my worth.  
Let it not repent you. Bee not stubborne  
Towards your happinesse. You haue endur'd  
Too much already for my sake, you shall see,  
Pitty can melt my heart. I take no delight,  
To haue a Lady languish for my loue.  
I am not made of flint as you suspect mee.

*Milles.* I would thou wert conuerted to a pillar  
For a memoriall of this impudence.

*Miscel.* You shall know what tis to tempt me heereafter,  
When I shall let you perish for your folly.  
I came to remunerate the curtesie,  
I receiu'd from your Ladiship.

*Milles.* I know of none.

*Miscel.* I must acknowledge my selfe bound to you.

*Milles.* For what?

*Miscel.* Your Letter to the Iustice, Lady.



*Hollands Leager.*

It freed me from the pounces of those varlets,  
When I was vnder the gripe of the Law.  
I know, the onely motiue was your loue.

*Milles.* I cry you mercy, were you one of them  
That drew *Trimatchio* to those idle courses?  
I am ashamed of the benefit, leaue mee  
That I may not see the cause of my sorrow:  
But 'tis no matter, we shall leaue you first.

*Exeunt Millescent, Margery.*

*Miscel.* They shall find, I am no man to be slighted,  
And that shee has misplac'd her affection.  
When I haue wrackt the wrongs on my corriuall,  
*Trimatchio*, looke to thy selfe, were hee remou'd,  
There might be hopes, my valour shall make known  
There is a difference. He straight to the tauerne:  
And when I once am hot with good Canary,  
I pronounce him dead that affronts my fury.

*Actus 5. Scene 3.*

*Ardelio.*

Turn'd out of seruice [the next turne will be  
Vnder the Gallows, and haue a Ballad made of me]  
The corruption of a casheer'd Seruing-man,  
Is the generation of a thiefe. I feare,  
My fate poynts me not out to so good fortune.  
My bulke will not serue me to take a purse.  
The best thing I am fit for, is a tapster,  
Or else get a wench of mine owne, and sell  
Bottell Ale and Tobacco, that's my refuge  
They tearme me parasite, 'tis a mystery  
Is like a familiar, that leaues a man  
When he is neere his execution.  
I haue no power to flatter my selfe now,  
I might haue gone a wooing to some widdow,  
And had his countenance, but now the tenants  
Looke like their Bacon, rustily, vpon me.

*Enter*



*Hollands Leager.*

*Enter Ieffry.*

What, *Ieffery*! thou art the comfort of my woes:

Welcome, good *Ieffry*.

*Ieff*. Thanks to your good Worship;

*Ard*. Where are my hangings, *Ieffry*?

*Ieff*. Very wel, sir.

Lockt in a *Cypresse* chest, for feare of Moths.

*Ard*. And all the other furniture good *Ieffry*.

*Ieff*. They are kept safe, and well ary'd for your Worship.

*Ardel*. Thanks, good *Ieffry*. I were in a sweet case,  
If I had not conuayd somethings away,  
To maintaine mee hereafter.

*Ieffry*. Why so, sir?

*Ard*. I may gofer vp bills now for my liuing,  
Cry Vineger vp and downe the streets; or fish  
At blacke Fryers stayres; or sit against  
A wall, with a library of ballads before mee.

*Ieff*. You are not out of seruice.

*Ard*. Turnd a grazing,  
In the wide Common of the world, *Ieffry*.

*Ieff*. Then are my hopes at best, I haue no reason  
To care for him any longer; a word with you.  
What furniture do you meane?

*Ard*. Those that I sent,  
The beds, and hangings.

*Ieff*. Did you send any such?

*Ardel*. I hope you will not vse mee so.

*Ieff*. Your owne words.

I must make the best benefit of my place:  
You know, tis not an age to bee honest in.  
Tis the only high-way vnto pouerty.  
I know not how, I do not fancy you  
Of late.

*Ardel*. I chose thee for thy knauish looke  
And now thou hast requited mee: of all  
My euils, thou art the worst.

*Ieff*. No sayth, sir.

You haue a worse commodity at my house.  
But you may saue the charges of a writ.



*Hollands Leager.*

He send her you without reprieue or bayle.

I doe you that fauour.

*Ard.* No, you may keepe her still.

*Ieff.* My thinkes you are much deiected with your fall,  
I finde an alteration in your face.

You looke like an Almanacke of last yeeres date.

Or like your liuery cloake, of two yeeres wearing.

Worse then the smoaky wall of a bawdy house.

*Ard.* Villaine, dost thou insult on me?

*Ieff.* No sayth sir,

Alasse, tis not within the reach of man,

To countermine your plots.

*Ard.* Well, slaue, because

He rid my hands of thee, He giue thee a share.

*Ieff.* You must haue none, without lawfull proceeding,  
And that I know, you dare not.

*Enter Snarle, and Officers.*

*Snarle.* But I dare.

Haue you beene partners all this while in mischief,

And now fall out, who shall bee the most knaue?

*Ieff.* What doe you meane?

*Snarle.* I meane to search your house  
For ammunition, no otherwise,

Which I suspect you send vnto the Leager.

*Ieff.* Sir I haue nothing there, but one crackt peece  
Belongs to this Gentleman, can doe no seruice,  
She is spoyld in the bore.

*Snarle.* Wee'l haue her new cast.  
Come, bring them away.

*Ard.* Nay good sir, you know,  
That I was lately quit before a Iustice.  
And if I fall in a relapse,

*Snarle.* Al's one  
To me, but you must satisfie the Law.

*Ard.* Well then, I know the worst of it.



1890

56

ice I saw you

imagine

Aug 1864

## May-houses.

ne had you cryed?

Plumage: 100% white.

[illegible]

1912

you:

[illegible]

17

100

2. 10/10/1910

1890



*Hollands Leager.*

By what strange accident?

*Trim.* Honest *Ardelio*,  
And *Miscellanio*, wee were all together  
In rebellion, and quit by a Letter,  
That came from my mistresse.

*Agur.* Ist possible?  
And *Miscellanio* turne traitor?

*Trim.* What.

*Agur.* Would haue your mistresse from you, thinkes the  
Was sent for his sake. ( Letter

*Trim.* That I am sure hee does not.

*Agur.* Threatens, and swears that he wil fight for her.

*Trim.* If hee bee weary of his life, hee may.  
Why what can hee pretend to her?

*Agur.* I know not,  
What has past betweene them, but I am sure,  
He has beene practising at the Fencing schoole,  
To get a trick to kill you.

*Trim.* Hee kill mee!  
I'll kill him first. I fight by Geometry.

*Agur.* How? By Geometry?

*Trim.* Yes sir, heere I hold  
My Rapier, marke mee, in a diameter  
To my body; thats the center, conceiue mee.

*Antol.* Your body is the center, very good.

*Trim.* And my hilt, part of the circumference.

*Antol.* Well sir.

*Trim.* Which hilt is bigger then my body.

*Anto.* Then your whole body?

*Trim.* Yes at such a distance.  
And hee shall neuer hit mee, whilst hee liues.

*Antol.* Where did you learne this? At the leager?

*Trim.* No.

No by this light: it is my owne inuention.  
I learnt it in my trauels.

*Anto.* Very strange:  
You are a scholler.

*Tri.* No: I would not bee  
suspected of such a crime for a Million.



*Hollands Leager.*

But tis no sinne to know Geometry;  
And by that, I can tel wee shal nere fight.

*Antol.* Not fight at all?

*Trim.* I'll shew you in Geometry,  
Two paralels can neuer meet: now wee two  
Being paralels, for so wee are, that is  
Equal in wit and valour, can neuer meet.  
And if wee neuer meet, wee shal nere fight.

*Enter Miscellanio.*

*Antol.* To proue your axiome false, see where hee comes.

*Trim.* I do defy him.

*Miscel.* Hang thee blustering sonne  
Of *Aeolus*, defy me! I'll tye vp thy breath  
In bags, and sell it for a penny an ounce.

*Antol.* Draw fir.

*Miscel.* Draw if hee dares.

*Capri.* Sure, this is the second part of the Leager.  
Twere best for me, to hide mee in my cabin.

*Exit Capritio.*

*Miscel.* Wil you resigne your mistresse?

*Trim.* No, I scorne it.

*Miscel.* Vnlesse you'l haue her tane away by force.

*Antol.* I see, this cannot be ended without bloud.

*Trim.* Captaine, a word with you.

*Anto.* What say you fir?

*Trim.* I am afrayd he comes with the blacke art.

*Antol.* How you afrayd? do not say so for shame.

*Trim.* Hee has layne with an old witch at *Sweden*  
And is growne stickefree.

*Antol.* Fy that you shall say so.

*Trim.* I'll be resolu'd of that before I fight.

*Antol.* Why, do you thinke that witches haue such power?

*Trim.* I marry do I, I haue knowne one of them,  
Do more then that, when her husband has followed  
Strange women, shee has turnd him into a Bezer,  
And made him bite out his owne stones.

*Antol.* Tis strange!

*Trim.* I'll tell you another as strange as that, of one



*Hollands Leager.*

When a Vintner has sent her but ill wine,  
Shee has conuerted him into a Frog.  
And then coniu'r'd him into one of his butts,  
Where hee has liued twelue moneths vpon the lees,  
And when his old ghests chance to come to see him,  
Hee has croackt to them, out at the bung-hole.

*Antol.* This is miraculous.

*Trim.* There was a Lawyer  
That spoke against one of them at the barre.

*Antol.* What did shee then?

*Trim.* Turnd him into a Ram,  
And still that Ram retaynes his profession,  
Has many Clients, and pleads causes as well  
As some Lawyers in Westminster.

*Anso.* Do you thinke,  
That hee has had recourse to any such?

*Trim.* I know not, but tis good to bee mistrustfull,  
Hee may haue aduantage in the encounter.

*Enter Millescent. Margery.*

*Misael.* There she comes, winne her, and weare her.

*Milles.* Hold your hands.

I'll haue no bloud a prologue to my wedding.

*Trim.* Nay then haue at you. Hold mee not, I saye  
I am as fierce as hee.

*Milles.* Bee pacified.

I thought you had beene both bound to the peace.

*Antol.* Lady, it seemes, that these two Gentlemen  
Do stand in competition for your loue.

*Milles.* Mr. Trimachio, I confesse, has beene  
A former suitor, but with his ill carriage,  
He has thus long presented his good fortune.

*Antol.* Then let mee make a motion.

*Milles.* What is it?

*Antol.* Will they both stand to it?

*Trim.* I agree.

*Misael.* And I.

*Antol.* Then let the Lady dispose of her selfe.

*Trim.* Shee is mine already. I am sure to her.

*Before*



*Hollands Leager.*

Before a Iustice.

*Miscel.* I will haue no woman,  
Against her will.

*Milles.* No sir, nor you shall nor,  
Since you are so peremptory, on your words then  
That hee shall sing a Palinodium,  
And recant his ill courses, I assume  
My Loue *Trimalchio*.

*Capritio* peeps out.

*Capri.* Do wee take, or are we taken?

*Trim.* Nay, wee do take.

*Agur.* Who's that, *Capritio*? where haue you been?  
Come your wayes forth, and lay hands on the spoyle,  
Goe lead away that Lady by the hand.  
Now you may take occasion by the foretop,  
Aduance your owne predominant the better,  
And march away,

*Trim.* Come, let vs to the Church?

*Exeunt*

*Trimalchio, Millescent.*

*Capritio, Margery.*

*Miscel.* And what must I do now? bee laught at?

*Agur.* Would you  
Hazard your selfe, for one that cares not for you?  
You may be glad you scap't. Recall your selfe.  
Were not you formerly engagd?

*Miscel.* No, neuer.

*Agur.* Not to mistress *Quartilla*?

*Miscel.* Fayth we haue toy'd  
In iest sometime.

*Agur.* Let it bee now in earnest.  
Make her amends. I know shee loues you.

*Miscel.* Well.

I will haue her, and stand vp for my portion,  
With the rest of my tribe.



*Hollands Ledger.*

*Actus 5. Scena ultima.*

*Snarle, Philantus.*

*Snarle.* Stay heere a little, they are gone to Church,  
And will returne in couples. First, *Trimalchio*,  
That Gyant in conceit, thinkes he is matcht  
To some great heire, but shall imbrace a cloud  
In stead of *Iuno*. Then her waiting woman,  
Her *Iris*, reflects vpon *Capritio*,  
And for my piece of fragmentary Courtship,  
My *Miscellany* Gentleman, 'tis his lot  
To bee cast vpon *Quartilla* with *Agurtes*.  
In his old Iusticeship. All these march together,  
Like the seuen deadly sinnes, and behind them,  
Comes *Antolicus*, the clarke of the company.

*Enter Agurtes like a Iustice.*

*Trimalchio, Millefcent.      } Capritio, Margery,*  
*Miscellanio, Quartilla,    } Antolicus like a Clarke.*

*Antol.* Looke you sir, here they come.

*Trim.* Make roome, me thinkes

You should not stop the course of Iustice so.  
My Lord *Philantus*, you are welcome from  
The Warres, and I from the Church. I wonder  
Who makes the better returne, you haue got  
Honour, and so haue I. But wher's your wealth?  
I can imbrace five thousand pounds, a yeere.  
That's nothing with you, I haue no more wit,  
Then to be pild by pimpes, and marry whoores,  
Yet I meane shortly to ranke with your honour.  
Here is my warrant, I haue promisd her,  
To make her a Countesse, but thats nothing with you,  
Nay, more then this. I can goe on, and leaue  
Some aduancement: behind me. *Ecce signum.*

*Phil.*



*Hollands Leager.*

*Phil.* Tis well, I am glad of your happinesse;  
And much ioy to my brother *Capriuo*,  
And his faire spouse.

*Capri.* She is according to  
My hearts desire, sir.

*Snarle.* Well, a word with you,  
Master *Trimalchio*, and the rest.

*Trim.* What say you?

*Snarle.* You were as good know it at first, as at last.  
You are not the first, that haue beene deceiued.

*Trim.* In what? my wife? I married her for a mayd.  
And whether she be one, or no, I care not.

*Snarle.* Nay, should I heare a man that should abuse her  
In that, I would defend her with my sword.

But she and you must call this man your father.

*Trim.* I so she must, hee gaue her at the Church.

*Snarl.* Nay, her owne naturall father, flesh and bone,  
I hope shee'l not deny it.

*Milles.* No indeede, sir.

I would not liue to be so vngracious.

*Agur.* I must acknowledge thee my child, or I  
Should doe thy mother wrong.

*Trim.* I doe not thinke so,  
You'l not make me belecue that I tooke her  
For a Lords daughter, and a great heire. Where are  
*Agurtes* and the Captaine to iustifie it?  
Is hee your father?

*Milles.* He has euer bred mee:  
And I haue alwayes cal'd him so, I hope  
It is no shame: my parentage is honest.

*Trim.* Well, if hee bee, tis no disparagement,  
To marry a Iustices daughter.

*Snarle.* Come, you haue  
Beene carryed hoodwinkt through this businesse.  
Nor is the day yet cleere before you. Marke mee;  
I'll open but one leafe in all the booke,  
And you shall see the whole discouery.

**Come**



*Hollands Leager.*

Come sir, vncase.

*Agurtes and Antolius pull off there disguises.*

*Trim.* Who haue we heere? *Agurtes*  
And the Captaine? Was't you that playd the Iustice?  
And you his clarke?

*Snarle.* And I the Constable.

*Trim.* Then you are a knot of knaues for your labour.  
Now I perceiue that I am playnly guld.

*Capr.* I am glad ther's no man cheated but himselfe.

*Snarle.* Your arrow is one of the same quiver too.

*Trim.* He none of her by this light.

*Agur.* Why, you may chuse.

And yet I doe not well see, how you can chuse.

She is your wife, and you haue married her,

And must allow her meanes to maintayne her.

You may declare your selfe vnto the world,

And bee laught at: but keepe your owne counsell,

And who needs know of it?

*Phil.* Belceue me sir,

The Gentlewoman is not to be despisde.

Her wit and vertues are dowry sufficient.

*Trim.* Nay, if you say so, then must I needs loue her:

But by this hand, I thought you would haue jeer'd me.

*Phil.* Hold on your course, march on as you came in,

And rest content, since fate has thought it fit,

To make your fortunes equal with your wife.

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*FINIS.*

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D. BATTLE,  
BOOKBINDER,  
Hapham Con, ven.

1/12/37



